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THE WAR AND THE POWERS.

Russia has understood sea-power to be important, but has not remotely understood how important. She has never assimilated the teachings of Captain Mahan, and it is clear in the very hour of her extremity that she fails to realize the irretrievable character of the disaster that has already befallen her. Sea-power is not in itself omnipotent. Napoleon survived Trafalgar for nearly ten years. Had it not been for his subsequent political mistakes in Spain he might have survived it permanently. He was overthrown when he had fatally weakened his purely military position by extending his efforts from Madrid to Moscow, and when the nations banded against him had developed a sheer superiority of military force. England, on the contrary, was incapable after the climax of her naval triumphs of striking a direct blow at Paris by her unaided army. In the same way, if the Japanese fleet could sweep the Baltic as well as the Yellow Sea, it could not threaten the heart of the Tsardom or touch the sources of Russia's strength in Europe. There, a hundred millions of Slavs will still form, whatever be the issue of this

war, the same vast, dull and shapeless organism as now—too flaccid to be formidable for offence in any degree proportionate to their numbers, but unassailable by any extent of sea-power and vulnerable to the military energy of Germany alone.

Sea-power then is not omnipotent. But it is none the less decisive, where its result is to confer upon the nation which wins it the permanent superiority of military strength in a local theatre of operations. From this point of view, Russia's case is already desperate in Manchuria, in spite of all the overwhelming armies of which she disposes in Europe. Japan has severed with a single stroke the main line of communication between St. Petersburg and the Far East. That line, up to the outbreak of the war, was not the railway: it was the sea. The materials for the further sections of the Trans-Siberian enterprise were conveyed to the Far East by sea. American locomotives came by the same route. So did American canned provisions. Without the sea the great railway would have been a far slower and more costly undertaking, and at the present moment would have been

still far from completion. The Tsar's troops at the theatre of hostilities almost up to the very outbreak of the war were largely reinforced and supplied by sea. Russia has been only less dependent upon the Suez Canal for adequate military communication with Port Arthur, and with Vladivostok, than we are dependent on it for communication with India. When we talk of the advantage which Russia possesses in the continuity of her territory over an empire like our own, "with oceans rolling between its provinces," we deceive ourselves as to the nature of our own strength and equality as to the nature of Russia's weakness. It is true—it is indeed one of the conventional platitudes of unimaginative politics—that Russia does not own an inch of territory over sea. The fact is nevertheless that for strategical purposes the Tsar's dominions are even now far more imperfectly connected than our own. Middle Siberia is more widely separated from Moscow than is Canada from London. We can bring our power more easily to bear upon South Africa than the Tsardom can bring its power to bear upon Central Asia. With a sufficient military strength available among our own people in the British Islands, we could act in Persia, for instance, more rapidly and certainly than Russia, for all her legions. The broad highway of the sea leads with equal ease to every part of British territory, from the centre of British power. This is the inter-Continental system of the water which will always be cheaper, freer, wider, surer, than any trans-Continental system upon the land.

Upon the ocean track there are no bridges to be blown up, no embankments to be repaired, no metals to be dislocated, no trains to be derailed, no sidings are needed, and no congestion of traffic to be feared. For all practical purposes, commanding the sea, as

we do now, Melbourne itself is many times nearer to the heart of the Empire than is Port Arthur to St. Petersburg. With her unassailable island base and her secure lines of communication between it and every possible point of attack, Japan, through sea-power, can bring every particle of her strength to bear for offensive purposes. Sea-power in the present war has done its really fatal work by enabling the attacking Power which holds it to develop an overwhelming superiority of military force at any vital point of the theatre of operations. This disparity of numbers the Trans-Siberian Railway in the first season of the war can do nothing adequate to redress. If it is to carry sufficient stores it cannot carry sufficient men. But if it carries men enough it cannot carry stores enough. Russia can in no case maintain even three hundred thousand men by railway supply as easily as Japan can maintain the same number by sea supply. Nothing, therefore, is more certain than this. Russia's human resources in Europe are unlimited, but the proportion she can employ in Manchuria is strictly limited to some indefinite fraction of her force. For the purposes of the opening campaign, that is to say, for the next six months, it seems impossible that Russia can place and keep in the field properly fed and equipped armies approaching numerical equality with the Japanese forces, which are about to be flung upon Manchuria.

The question remaining is whether quality can be expected to make up for quantity in the first phase of the struggle—whether the Russians are better, man for man. Upon this point the opening indications of the war, on sea and land alike, are far from promising. The organization of the Russians is infinitely worse than that of their opponents. Their leadership is, so far, worse. Their rank and file cannot be

assumed to be better, now that the magazine rifle and extended movements have superseded the massed attacks with the bayonet, by which the Russian Army, before the lessons of the Boer War, was fitted to conquer, in the opinion of some of its ablest leaders, like General Dragomiroff. Beaten at every point of policy and preparation in the preliminaries of the war, Russia has shown in all the developments of the last few memorable days a conspicuous inferiority of military judgment. This is, indeed, by far the most momentous reflection suggested by the beginning of the struggle. The Asiatic Power, so far, has shown itself superior in political and strategical intelligence to the white or semi-white Power. And not only so. The comparison must go much further. No white Power in the world could have conducted Japan's diplomacy as consummately as she has been able to manage it for herself. No assistance from any white nation could have improved, up to the present moment, upon her fighting arrangements. The new Great Power is a real Great Power. If an unexpected ability on the part of the Japanese and Chinese to defend themselves against the white peril, means a yellow peril, that is probably about to appear. *Cet animal est très méchant; quand on l'attaque, il se défend.* The German Emperor, it will be remembered, appealed to the nations of Europe to protect their "holiest possessions"—and then took Kiao-chau. But to pursue this path of reflection would lead us away from our point. It is enough to recognize that the East, for the first time since the Middle Ages, has once again secured equality of weapons and equality in the use of weapons.

That fact alone must mark a very momentous change in the constitution of the world. With equality of weapons, Saracen, Arab, Tartar, Turk, have

been at repeated intervals during the Christian Era the greatest fighting Powers in existence. Japan, at least, can manipulate battleship against battleship, artillery against artillery, fleet against fleet, army against army. The secrets of discipline and armaments have been wrested from the West, and in that sense its superiority has certainly, to a large extent disappeared, and may prove, before the close of the struggle, to have disappeared altogether. But this process, of course, does not mean the levelling down of the white part of mankind. It merely means the levelling up of the yellow part. Bold philosophers will welcome the elevation of half the race to a plane of civilization far above the level it was supposed to have the capacity to attain. To sum up. Once again, as in the days of the Crusades and the Ottoman advance, an Asiatic people shows its ability to fight on level terms with the white peoples. The difference is that the action of Japan, as all the recent diplomatic statements on both sides have proved, is defensive in essence. She wages a national struggle for national existence. She strikes for her place in the sun. She struggles to prevent the closing of the future against her. She fights for full freedom to develop in her own part of the world. Her struggle is in every sense heroic—no less inspiring, perhaps, no less significant, than that of Greece against Persia. It cannot now be altogether unsuccessful. It may easily be triumphant to an extent that no detached observer before the outbreak of the war thought possible. The immediate probability, at least, is that the fall of Port Arthur is about to become the most startling episode in the relations of East and West since the fall of Constantinople.

There was, in all likelihood, only one method by which Russia, threatened

with one of the most remarkable catastrophes in the history of modern war, could have saved herself, at least from the worst. That method was the total abandonment of Port Arthur and Southern Manchuria. The course would have been strictly in accord with the instinctive genius for national defence she has shown in the past. To adopt it now would only be possible if Russia possessed a great man, and were capable of a supreme resolution. It is doubtful whether the man is available, though the war may easily produce him, and in the meantime it seems certain that the resolution will not be taken. Against the Russians in retreat, Frederick won at Zorndorf an incomplete victory at a bloodier cost than that of any of his most brilliant triumphs. At Kunersdorf his army in attack shattered itself to fragments against the Russian defence. Napoleon was ruined by the process of beating his enemy. If Russia could have consented to realize the extent of her peril, she might have done much to minimize her inevitable disasters at the outset of this war by a resort to her old devices. For all the objects of a coast campaign in Manchuria, Japan is considerably more formidable than either the victor of Rosbach and Leuthen, or the victor of Austerlitz and Jena. For all the ultimate purposes of Russian development, the emergency is greater than that of 1812. The Grand Army, even when it had reached the heart of the Tsardom, could strike at nothing vital. Now the possibility is that Russia may be cut off for ever from the control of a warm-water outlet upon the Pacific, and may be permanently dominated in Asia by the Yellow Powers.

Russia, however, has regarded the Japanese with an insane levity of contempt. Admiral Alexeieff's officers in the Far East amused themselves with the formula that the brilliant people

they have now to reckon with were "monkeys with the brains of birds." Even Prince Ukhtomsky shows an utterly inadequate estimate of the enemy. With cloudy inconsistency of mind he has made it his mission to declare that Russians are half-Asiatics, and that the Russian conquest of the whole of Asia will be a conquest of sympathy. But that does not in the least prevent him from railing with the bitterest contempt against Asiatics, as Asiatics, so soon as the latter show the slightest reluctance to be conquered, whether by sympathy or otherwise. "An extravagantly vain people," says Ukhtomsky Asiaticus of the Japanese. "They played a somewhat ridiculous part beside the Europeans in the Boxer Expedition, and they cannot get over it. They want to win some great success over a white Power for the sake of their prestige." This is the profound analysis of the psychology of the war, given by the friend of the Tsar. His forecast of the result a couple of days before the arrival at St. Petersburg of Admiral Alexeieff's first messages of disaster, was no less instructive. The theory of half-brotherhood disappears. "The difference of race between our troops and the Japanese is so great that there can be no question of measuring ourselves against them in regular hostilities. The Yellow-men will not so much be beaten. They will be simply slaughtered. We cannot consent to look upon them as an even breed. That is, so to speak, an anthropological axiom. The Japanese will take good care not to face us in large bodies in the open field. Yellow is simply not equal to white. . . . What do they think they want, these half-men?" That is the Russian mind, apparently at its best, expressing itself towards Japan upon the eve of the war.

* Interview at St. Petersburg upon February 8th with the "Frankfurter Zeitung's" correspondent ("F. Z.," February 11th).

The vicious pride fostered by this habit of thought will probably prevent Russia from adopting the best course now open to her, and retreating before Japan as she retreated before Napoleon. Russia is, apparently, prepared to incur humiliations of a more murderous and damaging character.

The analogy to the burning of Moscow ought to have been the abandonment of Port Arthur. The temporary evacuation of that citadel would have offered the best chance for its ultimate recovery. Admiral Alexeff would have been enabled to concentrate instead of dispersing his forces. He could have saved the army, if not the arsenal. Every step backward would have shortened his line of communication, increasing the strength of the Russian defensive, and the risk of a Japanese advance. The armies of the island-empire would either be forced to penetrate far into the interior, under accumulating difficulties, becoming exposed in their turn to disasters of the gravest magnitude, or they would have to remain in touch with the coast, while the Russian forces at Harbin remained impreguably entrenched, and occupying the present year in preparing to undertake the critical campaign of the war next winter, in overwhelming force. Time would be gained sufficient to solve the problem of supply. Immense stores might be accumulated at intervals along the Trans-Siberian Railway, and heaped up in huge depôts between Lake Baikal and Harbin.

It must not be forgotten that in the rivers of her European and Asiatic territories, alike, Russia possesses the use for a number of months in the year of the most wonderful system of internal navigation in the world. The tributaries of one great river closely approach the affluents of another, and a vast network of waterways, interrupted by a few relatively very short land passages, leads in the open season from

the Urals to Lake Baikal, and again, after a wide interval, down the Amur to Manchuria. The Siberian river system is of no service for the purposes of a quick campaign, but as a means of preparation for a supreme effort next winter to crush Japan upon land, the waterways, as a medium for the conveyance of stores, might powerfully supplement the railway. Even then the ultimate result of the contest for the Liao-tung Peninsula, when the struggle was resumed, with the utmost strength that six or nine months' delay might enable Russia to develop, would be very far from a foregone conclusion. But the second campaign would offer an immeasurably better prospect than exists at the present moment of reversing the fortune of the war in Manchuria, if not in Korea or upon the sea.

It may be urged that the main strategic object of the Manchurian campaign on both sides is the possession of Port Arthur, and that the abandonment of southern Manchuria generally would mean the surrender to Japan of the very prize she fights for. But the voluntary evacuation of Port Arthur would be preferable to its inevitable capture, in circumstances in which a vain attempt to avert its immediate fate threatens to involve the Tsar's Far Eastern armies in deadly entanglements. The retreat would involve the destruction of the fleet, which seems doomed to destruction in any case. A great deal might be done to leave Port Arthur a heap of ruins in the rear of the garrison marching north. The injury to prestige involved by such a course would be less in the case of Russia than in that of any other civilized Power. The precedent of the burning of Moscow would be invoked in a way that would inspire the Russian people and impress the world. The analogy would be real, for with the abandonment of Port Arthur Russia would not be weaker but

stronger than she is now, and Japan would have to prepare for a more colossal struggle, under less advantageous conditions. The return of the Tsar's forces, with a cloud of Cossacks, next winter, after the best brains in Russia—and the best Russian brains are among the best white brains—had been applied in earnest to the study of their military problem, would render it immeasurably harder for Japan to hold her ground in the long run than to gain it at the outset. Now, as ever, the Tsardom, inferior as it is in offensive potency, derives its real power from the impenetrability of its interior. The right course would have been to make Fabian use once more of that advantage.

Glance at the map—at the situation of Port Arthur, the configuration of the Manchurian coast-line, and the proximity of the island empire. Remember that Japan, with nearly fifty millions of a very able and ambitious people, who have made more progress in a single generation than Russia has made since Peter the Great, possesses the complete freedom of the neighboring seas, and for all practical purposes is fighting upon her own frontier. Remember, also, that Russia, with a hundred millions of population in Europe, is fighting against infinitely graver difficulties of distance, transport and supply, than those which obstructed our own arms in the South African war, and can no more bring nine-tenths of her military strength to bear upon the present campaign than if the theatre of operations were situated in another planet. Russia has made more serious mistakes than ours were at the beginning of the Boer war, and has made them in the face of a far more competent and powerful enemy. For the next few months she will fight against sea-power, not with it, and against superior military force, not, as in our case, against a hopelessly out-

numbered foe, deriving all its strength from a temporary advantage of position. In these circumstances the glance at the map will suggest that the Liao-tung Peninsula is the almost predestined prize of sea-power joined to a most formidable degree of military strength. If Russia does not vastly increase her forces they will be beaten. If she could increase them to the necessary numbers they would risk being starved for want or the necessary supplies. However we look at it, the situation seems desperate, and so far as the first campaign is concerned, irremediable. It seems in every way to be expected that Russia will meet the equivalent of Metz at Port Arthur, and the equivalent of Sedan elsewhere. All impartial and competent opinion is agreed that Port Arthur, if once invested and sufficiently garrisoned, must fall sooner or later for want of food, and sooner rather than later for want of water. The "Lady-smith entanglement" will be nothing to this. The capitulation of the fortress from which Japan was expelled by the three Powers nine years ago would be the greatest political disaster that has overtaken Russia since Peter the Great, and would re-echo through the whole of Asia—and more widely still, throughout the dominions of the Tsar, from Vladivostok to the Caucasus, and from Persia and Afghanistan to Poland and Finland. The first result would be favorable to the position of England in the Near East, the Middle East, and the Far East alike. Whether the ultimate result would be to our advantage, either in India or across the North-Western Frontier, is another matter. It would be in accordance with our interest and our wishes that Russia should be finally defeated, but that white prestige should not be too much abased.

Upon the latter point arises the second question. Russia's preliminary

mistakes and reverses being far more disastrous than those we ourselves committed and suffered at the beginning of the South African war, it is natural to ask whether the future is not likely in the long run to complete the parallel. That Japan must win dazzling successes upon land may now be taken almost as a matter of course. But can Russia reverse her reverses? Public opinion to a large extent indulges in a sentimental love for picturesque precedents, and likes to think that Russia, passing through her troubles as we did, will get out of them as we did. The case is not so simple, and the rapidity and completeness with which the island-empire has won the mastery of the sea make the ultimate prospects of Russia, though not indeed so hopeless as the immediate prospects, yet far darker than could easily have been imagined a month ago. The comparative supineness with which the fleet at Port Arthur met its fate, and the fatalistic inertness which allowed the *Variag* and her consort to be caught at Chemulpo, suggest a deterioration of Russian spirit and character since the treaty of Berlin. Autocracy, prolonged into the twentieth century, has become a corroding influence. It is rotting its own foundations, and nothing seems plainer than that the Russia of to-day is a far more inert and ineffective organism than the Russia of 1877. It is not impelled by anything like the same energy; it is not inspired by the same faith; it is not buoyed up by the same unquestioning hope.

But, above all, there are these differences—Russia, as we may say without egotism, is not the British Empire, the Japanese are a very different enemy from the Boers, and the Far East is not South Africa. The Boers failed simply because they were few. Their small force wasted away from the commencement of hostilities, and they

were utterly unable to reinforce themselves. They were enclosed within British territory, and wide as was their sphere of movement, they were bound to be worn down. The Japanese number almost as many millions as the Boers numbered thousands. Russia never can develop a tithe of the preponderance in numbers, wealth, and strategical position which alone enabled us to secure a tardy triumph over an infinitesimal enemy. If the autocracy should ultimately fail to retrieve its initial reverse in the Far East, the contrast by comparison with the eventual success of the Parliamentary nation in South Africa would be damning. The unmistakable moral would be dangerous or fatal to the autocratic régime, and would doubtless have some important Constitutional consequences in more than one country in Europe. The German Press, let us remember, prophesied at the beginning of the South African war that we could not retrieve our reverses. They are now prophesying that Russia can and will retrieve hers. The contrast is instructive; it may be historical.

Unless Russia should produce a great military genius in supersession of Admiral Alexeieff, it must obviously be regarded as impossible that she should gain in the long run anything approaching as decisive an advantage over the Japanese at all points of the area of war as we had gained over the Boers after the war had been six months in progress. In no circumstances can Russia hope within any future near enough to concern the present generation to sweep the Japanese from the mainland. Korea is gone, as the sea is gone. Both these, in all probability, are permanently lost. Southern Manchuria, with the Liao-tung Peninsula, will evidently be the next to go. Whether these also will be permanently or only temporarily forfeited is the life and death issue for Russia in the

Far East. In other words, if the Tsardom does not possess the power to defeat its adversary utterly, does it possess the power, by a bloody and obstinate resistance, to force Japan to a compromise? In prolonged European wars of the eighteenth century pattern, even the victor has often been compelled to restore conquests in order to secure peace. Let us examine the probabilities upon this head. For Russia the case is one of time and money. It is conceivable that, as regards money, she might suspend in emergency the service of her debt, having assured herself that both France and Germany would regard that course as preferable to her defeat and total bankruptcy. There are other large sources of revenue which might be diverted to war purposes during the course of the struggle—the Naval Budget, the heavy sums usually devoted to fresh railway construction, at least £70,000,000 sterling altogether.

It would be unsafe to assume that Russia will not be able to provide herself, by hook or by crook, with considerable sums. If she has the money she can give herself the time. The loss of a hundred thousand men by capture would stop this year's campaign, for instance. But that, in itself, would make no difference to the quantity of *Kanonenfutter* she would still dispose of for the purposes of next year's campaign. After she has suffered overwhelming disaster in southern Manchuria we may expect her to concentrate in the north, at Harbin. She would lay herself out for a long struggle, knowing, at last, that her future depended upon the scientific organization of a mighty effort. She would have to make extraordinary use of the vast mounted force which, now that she has lost the sea, remains her only hope—her Cossacks. Harbin would have to be turned into an impregnable camp as well as a colossal

depôt. Towards the end of the year the "Minotaur," to recall the expression of Carlyle in a memorable page of his *Frederick*, would again be ready to advance. This time Japan would, to a certain extent, be fixed to positions; Russia would have the offensive initiative; and the struggle for Newchwang, which is evidently the key of the theatre of war, would decide the fate of Manchuria. If Russia could again win Newchwang and hold it in strength, she would afterwards be able to threaten Korea, which she is not able to do now. She might even dislodge Japan from Port Arthur, not, indeed, by assailing the fortress directly, but by threatening more vital points, occupying, for instance, the northern portion of Korea, and forcing an exchange. If Russia were a free and educated nation, her chance of recovering the whole of her present ground in Manchuria in a second year's campaign would be favorable, but her existing régime is ill-fitted to energize her people for the effort required. All that can be said with complete safety is, that Russia's recovery in a second campaign is considerably more feasible than is just now generally assumed.

In the meantime it is already clear that there is a third contingency, full of grave and dangerous difficulty, which this country must begin at once to keep steadily in mind. There was no diplomatic intervention in the Boer war, and no possibility of it, since that conflict belonged to the internal affairs of this Empire. But the Far East is the focus of the world's policy. Directly or indirectly all the Great Powers are vitally interested in the fate of Manchuria, the future of China, and the regrouping of international relations. If diplomatic intervention was impossible in South Africa, it is far more likely to prove inevitable in the Far East long before the issue has been fought clean out to a finish in the

field. It is already plain that in this direction the Anglo-Japanese alliance will be put to a real and severe test. The chief peril before us is that the Triple Alliance of 1895 between Russia, Germany, and France will be revived, not indeed for the purpose of waging war, but for the purpose of influencing the settlement and of neutralizing once more as far as possible the results of Japanese success.

If armed intervention from the side of France is clearly not the first danger, it is certain that preparations are already being made in other quarters for intervention by intrigue. Germany's suggestion to Mr. Hay, that a Note should be issued from Washington inviting the Powers to reassert their declarations in favor of the integrity of China, was from every point of view a stroke of good diplomacy. Count von Bülow, in other words, has induced America to guarantee the integrity of Kiao-chau, which, in face of the portentous successes of Japan, had become the subject of somewhat pressing anxiety at Berlin. The Wilhelmstrasse, with its own vested interests secure, is free to take a further hand in the game, and has shown us plainly where it means, if possible, to insert the thin end of the wedge. It is a mistake to imagine, as is sometimes done, that Mr. Hay's policy is in any sentimental or unrestricted sense pro-Japanese. It is meant to be purely pro-American. It has been designed to promote to all the extent at present possible President Roosevelt's idea that it is the manifest destiny of the United States to become the supreme power of the Pacific. Extravagantly exaggerating Russia's strength as diplomats in both hemispheres have generally done, Washington has imagined that the Tsardom, if controlling China, would become a formidable menace in the most misnamed of oceans. Japan's naval victories are likely to make Cap-

tain Mahan's countrymen wonder whether they have mistaken the real quarter in which the competition for the mastery of the Pacific is likely to arise. Mr. Hay did not in the least object to using Japan in order to break down the position of Russia in Manchuria. But the island-empire itself is America's keenest commercial competitor in the Far East. There is no reason to credit Washington with the slightest wish to see the Russian occupation of the dynastic provinces replaced by a Japanese occupation founded on military possession of the Liaotung Peninsula. That might prove, from the American point of view—which is not interested, let us remember, in the safety of India—the substitution of King Stork for King Log. Mr. Hay's recent Note, innocuous as it seems, might create immediate diplomatic difficulty if Japan should desire to use as a base of operations the invaluable port of Ching-wang-dao, nominally a neutral port, but situated on the exact edge of Manchuria, and offering for some reasons not yet clearly explained, the only harbor in the Gulf of Pe-chi-li which is free from ice at all times. The attempt to check Japan would probably not be made upon the initiative of America, but whether we should have the assistance of President Roosevelt's Government in resisting such an attempt from the side of Germany appears a more doubtful matter.

There is nothing unintelligible in the calculations upon which Germany's policy is founded, and the lines upon which she will endeavor to work may be forecasted with certainty. She has not the smallest intention of allowing her fleet to be sacrificed in a premature war upon the sea, but she means to promote her own interests in Europe and Asia alike, by creating a diplomatic coalition to arrest the triumphant progress of the Yellow Peril. We

shall commit a profound mistake if we underrate the effect with which this formula is likely to be exploited. England, with her overwhelming naval strength, is the one Great Power which can regard the rise of Japan with the minimum of disquiet. The fleets of the Mikado in the Far East are at present superior to those of America. Unless destroyed by the otherwise inevitable coalition which the Anglo-Japanese alliance now exists to prevent, the naval force of Japan must remain permanently superior in Far Eastern waters to the fleets of Germany and France. Now let us follow out the logic of this situation. There is a terrible Asiatic memory, as well as a terrible Celtic one, and the apprehensions of Berlin with regard to it are natural. This war is essentially the Nemesis of the alliance which robbed Japan of her conquests upon the mainland in 1895. If accounts are effectually settled at Port Arthur, German fears of a later reckoning at Kiaochau would not be wholly illusory. It must be remembered that Germany has regarded the Muscovite advance in China with comparative equanimity, confident of her military predominance over Russia and certain of being able, as against that Power, to protect her present Far Eastern interests, or enforce future Far Eastern claims upon the Polish frontier. But upon Tokio Germany can bring no pressure to bear whatever, and could not defend Kiaochau against the island-empire with Japanese fleets predominant upon the Yellow Sea, and Japanese influence predominant at Peking. Again, it has been a positive object of German policy to support Russian development in the Far East, in order to weaken it in the Near East. France is genuinely nervous in her turn, lest the naval and military progress of the Asiatic Great Power should place Tonquin at the Mikado's mercy. Russia's develop-

ment in the north did not threaten French Indo-China. The rise of Japan, on the contrary, makes the flag of the Republic distinctly less secure in that quarter of the globe. Even America does not regard the situation from quite the same angle as ourselves. The Philippines are more affected by the growth of Japanese sea-power than by Russian expansion on land. It would be idle to disguise from ourselves that German policy has strong ground to work upon, and that its efforts from the present moment will require to be watched even at Washington with the keenest vigilance. Let us be certain that they will only be counter-worked by the exercise of considerable skill. So much for the purely Asiatic basis of the Kaiser's statecraft in the present crisis. There is also a European basis. Germany has had the opportunity of posing as Russia's only friend. She is certain to exploit all the advantages of that rôle with great perseverance. That Berlin aims at a new grouping of the Powers now that the Triple Alliance has become for all diplomatic purposes a dead letter is undoubted. The question is whether Count Bülow is instructed to work for the restoration of the old Dreikaiserbund between Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg, or whether the Emperor William will again seek to realize his old project, infinitely more advantageous to Teutonic sea interests, and more dangerous to this country, of an alliance between Germany, Russia, and France. This has been already advocated upon the Neva by M. Witte's organ, the *Bourse Gazette*. Let us see how the evolution of the situation in the Far East is likely to affect these aims.

However doubtful might be the issue of a second campaign after a great Russian re-organization, what we have to expect is that Japanese arms in Manchuria during the next few months

will march from triumph to triumph. As we have seen the mastery of the sea gained, and Korea taken, we shall almost certainly see Port Arthur reduced and the Russians driven out of southern Manchuria from Newchwang to the Yalu. Russia will not recognize defeat, she will make no formal surrender of her ground, and she will retire upon Harbin only in order to prolong the war, and to renew the struggle with immensely improved preparations. But the moment of her retreat will be the moment chosen for Germany's interference upon some plausible pretext relating to the integrity of China and the peace of the world. France, on her side, is just as eager to support Russia by diplomacy as she would be reluctant to assist her ally by arms, even if the British naval position did not make effective assistance impossible.

Unless there were a complete preliminary understanding between Paris, Berlin, and St. Petersburg, any attempt at diplomatic interference would be hopeless. On the other hand, unless the Republic supported the attempt to recover for Russia, by a diplomatic coalition, something of what she had lost in the field, there would be an end for all serious purposes of the Dual Alliance. Germany would supplant the Republic in the good graces of the Tsar, and while possessing an ascendancy over Russia she has never had before, would become invulnerable by France. The latter would again lose much of the singular authority in Europe she has possessed during recent years. Above all, the final defeat of Russia would mean the bankruptcy of Russia, and the bankruptcy of Russia would send over France a wave of madness. It is clear that the first attempt at diplomatic intervention is likely to be made by France and Germany in concert, acting upon a common understanding with St. Petersburg

as to the proposals to be put forward as a basis for peace.

What that suggested basis would be in the case of Russia's overwhelming defeat in the opening campaign, it is not difficult to surmise. Japan would no doubt be invited to retain Korea but to restore her conquests in Manchuria. The main object would be to reinstate Russia in her present position in the dynastic provinces, with some proviso perhaps for the evacuation of Newchwang, and with divers paper-guarantees of the sovereignty of China, such as might be torn up in the first convenient crisis, like the Black Sea clauses of the Treaty of Paris. The permanent occupation of Port Arthur by Japan would be above all resisted, on the ground that with Korea and the Liao-tung Peninsula alike in the hands of her garrisons, Japan would dominate China. And this portentous predominance as a matter of fact she would really possess.

Thus the position of Germany and her diplomatic allies would be on the main point an exceedingly strong one. To have any chance of acceptance, it would have to be laid before the first great Council of the world-Powers, including the United States and Japan. It is safe to say that there will not be another Congress of Berlin. Germany's relative influence does not stand at the present moment where it did in 1878, and the fact that her capital could not now be chosen for the scene of an international conference of the character under discussion is a sign of the extent to which the centre of gravity in foreign politics has shifted since the fame of Bismarck was at its height. Instead of a Congress of Berlin, we should have a Congress of Washington or a Congress of Paris, for the purpose of revising the war-map of the Far East. On the whole the choice of Paris would be preferable. It would be a valuable

compliment to the Republic, and it is to be hoped that we shall have the opportunity of proposing it rather than of accepting it.

But the final question is whether Japan would be willing to submit her claims, after one victorious campaign, and whether, if she did, any diplomatic solution could be reached. The recent papers must exculpate her most completely from the charge of having forced the war. We now know that after months of negotiation, Russia, with inconceivable dulness, continues to claim for all practical purposes monopoly in Manchuria and equality in Korea. The war, in these circumstances, must be recognized as having become, in the strictest sense, inevitable, and Japan would have been mad to postpone it. She could only convince Russia of her importance by the use of arms, and we must now see that she had no means but *blut und eisen* left to her for asserting her status as a Great Power, and securing her national future. Neither of the belligerents, let it be repeated, has any moral claim to Korea. Russia, after expelling her adversary from Port Arthur, and seizing it herself, had no title to the Liao-tung Peninsula but what her power conferred. If Japan can exert superior power up to the close of the war, she will acquire the superior title. If she once captures Port Arthur and can hold it against the further efforts of Russia, not all the world will get her out again against her will, so long as the alliance enables her to invoke the assistance of the British fleet against a coalition.

The vital question, therefore, has been generally overlooked. We know the origin of the war, from the point of view of Japan, but we by no means fully know what are her real and concrete objects in the war—how far she hopes to push her conquests, and how much of them she intends to retain.

Those who have been in favor, as the present writer has consistently been, of dealing with Russia on the basis of frank recognition of the strength of her claim to what may be called a real national outlet through Manchuria, must now admit that the practical politics of the situation are totally altered. If Japan wins this war, after supreme risks run and supreme sacrifices made, she will be entitled to more complete guarantees for her national future than mere diplomacy could in any case have given, and we are now bound to support her to the fullest extent, so far as she wages a fight for "security"—to use the late Lord Salisbury's pregnant word. That means security for development as well as security for existence. The national life of Japan is, of course, at stake in the Far East, and the national life of Russia is not. Again, as a result of this war, either the Tsardom or the island-empire must assert, once for all, the paramount influence at Peking, and that is in reality the greatest prize at stake. But Asiatics, as we have discovered upon the Indian frontier, do not understand retreat. Japan having once occupied Port Arthur in the present war, could not allow Russia to take possession of it again as an arsenal, without fatal damage to her prestige in the eyes of China. While Germany and France, therefore, will endeavor to secure the restoration of the *status quo ante* in Manchuria, at least, we shall be bound to aid Japan in resisting that proposition. Whether the island allies could obtain the support of the United States for the permanent occupation of the Liao-tung Peninsula by Japan is a very doubtful matter. The probable minimum of the propositions that would be made by the Mikado's Government as the result of success in the war would involve:—

- (1) A free hand in Korea;

(2) the transfer of Port Arthur to Japan;

(3) a purely commercial use by Russia of the Manchuria railways, with the right to police the track, and with a neutral terminus at Tallenwan;

(4) the equivalent right of Japan to extend the Korean railways across southern Manchuria to Tallenwan and Newchwang, and to garrison the line as Russia garrisons her line.

To any abatement of these terms a triumphant Japan would offer serious resistance. These conditions, at least, would secure the sovereignty of China and the preservation of the "open door" in Manchuria. They should be entitled, therefore, to the support of the United States, and if the future "Congress of Paris" did not accept them, it would come to no issue, and the question would have to be decided by the arbitrament of force between the present belligerents, and perhaps other belligerents. It remains to be seen whether anything but prolonged failure in a war of several campaigns would induce Russia, for her part, to recognize Jap-

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anese supremacy, or to be content with anything less than the restoration of the *status quo ante* in Manchuria, including the possession of Port Arthur as an arsenal. The essential thing to remember is that if Japan should carry all before her, an attempt will be made from the side of Germany, with the probable support of France, to substitute a Treaty of Berlin for a Treaty of San Stefano. It is vital that England and Japan should arrive at a complete understanding with each other as to the concrete objects which our ally looks to achieve in Manchuria, and that they should know the extent to which they may expect to rely upon American diplomatic support. Speculation of this sort may seem like dividing the Bear's skin an unconscionable time before the death of the Bear, but it is indispensable for British public opinion to realize that, to all the Great Powers outside the British Empire, in case of the overwhelming success of Japan, the Yellow Peril will seem more urgent than the Russian Peril, and as a matter of fact, will be so.

Calchas.

COLONIAL MEMORIES: OLD NEW ZEALAND. II.

By LADY BROOME.

I cannot close these wandering reminiscences of distant days without a brief mention of the famous snow-storm of 1867, at which I assisted.

I must say a prefatory word or two about the climate—as far as my three years' experience went—in order to explain the full force of the disaster that fall of snow wrought. The winters were short and delicious, except for an occasional week of wet weather, which, however, was always regarded by the sheep-farmer as excellent for filling up

the creeks, making the grass grow, and being everything that was natural and desirable. When it did not rain, the winter weather was simply enchanting, although one had to be prepared for its sudden caprices, for weather is weather even at the antipodes, and consequently unreliable. Sometimes we started on an ideally exquisite morning for a long ride on some station business. The air would be still and delicious, fresh and exhilarating to a degree hardly to be understood; the sun brilliant and

just sufficiently warming. All would go well for four or five hours, until, perhaps, we had crossed a low saddle in the mountains and were coming home by the gorge of a river. In ten minutes everything might have changed. A sou'-wester would have sprung up as though let out of a bag, heavy drops of rain would be succeeded by a snow-flurry, in which it was not always easy to find one's way home across swamps and over creeks, and the riders who set forth so gaily at ten of the clock that same morning would return in the fast-gathering darkness wet to the skin, or rather frozen to the bone. I have often found it difficult to get out of my habit, so stiff with frozen snow was its bodice.

No one ever dreamed of catching cold, however, from the meteorological changes and chances, an immunity which no doubt we owed to the fact that we led, whether we liked it or not, an open-air life. The little weather-boarded house, with its canvas-papered lining, did not offer much protection from a hard frost, and I have often found a heap of feathery snow on a chair near my closed bedroom window, which had drifted in through the ill-fitting frame.

Still these snow-showers, and even hard frosts (which usually melted by mid-day), did no harm to man or beast, and found us totally unprepared for the fall in August 1867. Of course there were no meteorological records kept in those days, for they had not long been started even in England, and we had nothing to go by except the Maori traditions, which held no record of anything the least like that snow-storm. Indeed I had seldom seen snow lie on the ground for more than an hour after the sun rose, and it never was thought of as a danger in our comparatively low hills.

I well remember that Monday morning and the strange restlessness which seemed to extend to the sheep, for they

must have felt the coming trouble long before we thought of calamity. The weather during the last week of July had been quite beautiful, our regular winter weather, and we had taken advantage of it to send the dray down to Christchurch for supplies. My store-room was all but empty, and the tea-chest, flour and sugar bags, held hardly half a week's consumption, so the drayman was charged not to linger, but to turn round and come back directly he got his load. When speaking of supplies it must be borne in mind that tinned provisions were almost unknown in those days, and certainly never found their way to a New Zealand sheep station. F. had also taken advantage of the beautiful open weather to ride down to Christchurch about wool matters, so I expected to be quite alone with a youth who was learning sheep-farming under F.'s auspices, and my two servants.

But F. had hardly started before a cousin rode up the track and, hearing I was feeling somewhat depressed and lonely, very kindly volunteered to stay, and before the afternoon was over a neighboring young squatter also appeared, and asked (as was quite a common thing in that hotel-less district) for shelter for the night. Nothing could have been more unexpected—except that one's station guests always were unexpected—than these two visitors, but it proved a fortunate chance for me that they appeared just then.

The weather was certainly curious, and we all noticed that the sound of the sheep's bleat never ceased. Now the odd thing at a sheep station used to be that you hardly ever saw a sheep, and still more seldom heard one, except perhaps in the early morning, when they were coming down from their high camping-grounds. And sheep always "travel" head to wind, but the sheep that afternoon kept moving in exactly the contrary direction. Still I was not

in the least uneasy about the weather, except as it might affect the comfort of F.'s seventy-five mile ride to town, and I knew he would be under comfortable shelter at a friend's half-way house that night. So we gaily and lavishly partook of our supper-dinner, had an absurd game of whist, and went to bed as usual.

It was no surprise to see snow falling steadily next morning, but it was disagreeable to find there was very little mutton in the house, and that it was quite likely the shepherd would wait for the weather to clear before starting across the hills and swamps between us and the little homestead where the woolshed stood, and from whence the business of the station was carried on.

The three gentlemen lounged about all day and smoked a good deal. They told me afterwards how bitterly they regretted not having made some preparation in the way of at least bringing in fuel, or putting extra food for the fowls &c. But each said to the other every five minutes, "Oh, you know snow in New Zealand *never* lasts," though their experience was only a very few years old. It was short commons that second day, and I thought sadly that the dray would have only reached Christchurch that evening! We were all depressed, and, as no one had any use for depression up that valley, the sensation was quite new to us.

It was not until we met on the third morning, however, that we at all acknowledged our fears. By this time the snow was at least four feet deep in the shallowest places, and still continued to fall steadily. It was impossible to see even where the fowlhouse and pigsties stood, on the weather side of the house. All the great logs of wood lying about waiting to be cut up were hidden, so was the little shed full of coal. A smooth high slope, like a hillock, stretched from the outer

kitchen door, which could not be opened that morning, out into the floating whiteness. All our windows were nearly blocked up and became quite so by the evening, and no door, except one, which opened inwards, could be used. And we had literally no food in the house. The tea at breakfast was merely colored hot water, and we each had a couple of picnic biscuits. For dinner there was a little rice and salt. Imagine six people to be fed every day, and an empty larder and store-room!

The day after that my maids declined to get up, declaring they preferred to "die warm"; so I took them in a sardine each, a few ratafia biscuits, and a spoonful of apricot jam. Those were our own rations for that day. We had by that time broken up every box for fuel, and only lighted a fire in the kitchen, where also a solitary candle burned.

"Be very careful of the dips," said one of my guests, "for I've read of people eating them."

"I hear the cat mewing under the house," said another; "we'll try to get hold of her."

"I wonder if those are the cows?" asked a third, pointing to three formless heaps high above the stockyard rails, but within them.

By Friday morning the maids, still in bed, were asking tearfully "And oh! when do you think we'll be found, mum?" Whereas my anxiety was to find something to feed them with! We shook out a heap of discarded flour-bags and got, to our joy, quite a plateful of flour, and a careful smoothing out of the lead lining of old tea-chests yielded a few leaves, so we had girdle cakes and tea that day. I was very unhappy about the dogs: the horses were out on the run as usual, so it was no use thinking of them.

On Saturday there was literally nothing at all in the house (which was quite

dark, remember) and my three starving men roped themselves together and struggled out, tunnelling through the snow, in the direction where they thought the fowlhouse must lie. After a couple of hours' hard work they hit upon its roof, tore off some of the wooden shingles, and captured a few bundles of feathers, which were what my poor dear hens were reduced to. However, there was a joyful struggle back, and after some hasty preparation the fowls were put into a saucepan with a lump of snow (there was no water to be got anywhere), and a sort of stew resulted, of which we thankfully partook. This heartened up the gentlemen to make another sally to the stackyard in search of the cows. The clever creatures had kept moving round and round as the snow fell, so as to make a sort of wider tomb for themselves, and they were alive, though mere bundles of skin and bone. They were dragged by ropes to the stable and there fed with oaten hay. It was no question of milking the poor things, for they were quite dry.

Next day the dogs were dug out, but only one young and strong one survived. Two more were alive, but died soon after.

On Sunday it had ceased snowing and the wind showed signs of changing. I struggled a yard or two out of the house, as it was such a blessing to get into daylight again. My view was of course much circumscribed, as I could only see up and down the "flat," as the valley was called. But it all looked quite different; not a fence or familiar landmark to be seen on any side. If I could have been wafted to the top of the mountain from which we saw the sun rise the summer before, what a white world should I have beheld! And if I could have soared still higher and looked over the whole of the vast Canterbury Plains, I should have been gazing at the smooth wind-

ing-sheet of half a million of sheep, for that was found, later, to be the loss in that Province alone.

Yet, as we afterwards came to know, it was not really the fall of snow, tremendous as it had been, which cost the Province nearly all its stock. As I have said, the wind changed to the north-west—the warm quarter—on Sunday night, and it rained heavily as well as blowing half a gale. On Monday morning the snow was off the roof and it was possible to clear some of the windows. An early excursion was also made to the sties and a pig was killed, and a bag of Indian meal for fattening poultry had been found in the stable loft, which could be made into a sort of cake. So we were no longer starving, and the maids got up!

Twenty-four hours of this warm rain and wind was what did all the mischief to the poor sheep. By Monday night every creek within sight had overflowed its banks, and was running—a dirty yellow stream—over the fast-melting snowfields. The rapid thaw and the flooded creeks made locomotion more difficult than ever, but the three gentlemen set to work at once to try to release the imprisoned sheep. There was but one dog to work with, and he was so weak he could hardly move, but the poor sheep were still weaker. Contrary to their custom they had mostly sought refuge beneath the projecting banks of the creeks and would have been safe enough there, had not the sudden thaw let the water in on them before they could struggle up, and they were nearly all drowned. It was most pathetic to discover how in some places the mothers had tried to save the lambs by standing over them in a leaning attitude so as to make a shelter. The lambing season had just begun, and on our own run, which was but a small one, we lost three thousand lambs. Several were brought in to me to try to save, but I had no milk to give

them, and warm meal and water did not prove enough to keep the poor little starving creatures alive. It was heart-breaking work, and when F. returned it was to find all the fences tapestried with the skins of a thousand sheep!

As soon as we could move about on horseback we rode all over the run and found that the sheep had evidently fared better when they had kept on higher ground, and it was curious to see the tops of the little Ti-ti palms, some ten or twelve feet high, entirely nibbled off where the sheep had clustered round them, and, as the snow fell, mounted higher and higher until they could reach the green leaves. In those days all the flocks were pure or half-bred merino; active, hardy little black-faced sheep, tasting like Welsh mutton, and delicious eating. On these excursions we often came upon dead wild pigs, boars cased in hides an inch thick, which had perished through sheer stress of weather. It was wonderful to think that thin-skinned animals, with only a few months' growth of fine merino wool on their backs, could have survived.

During the long bright summer which followed, we used often to ask each other if it could be true that hills had apparently been levelled and valleys filled up by the heaviest snowstorm ever known. But when we looked at the Ti-ti palms with their topmost leaves gnawed to the stump, we realized that the sheep must have been standing on eight or nine feet of snow to reach them. When the survivors came to be shorn, it was curious to see the sort of "nick" in the fleece, where their three weeks' imprisonment had evidently checked the growth of the wool, for many of the hardest wethers must have been without food for that time, as the pasturage was either full of snow or flooded.

In looking back on that tragic time, the only bright memory is connected with tobagganning on a

rough but giant scale, and I only wonder any of us survived that form of amusement. By the time every possible thing had been done for the surviving sheep, the snow had disappeared from all but the steep weather-side of the encircling hills, so our slides had to be arranged on very dangerous slopes.

The sledges on which these perilous journeys were made consisted of a couple of short planks nailed together, with a batten across for one's feet to rest on, and half a shears for a brake. If the gentlemen would only have made these rapid descents alone! But they insisted on my being a constant passenger. No one who has not gone through it can imagine the sensation of being launched on a bit of board down a mountain side! And yet there must have been a fearful joy in it, because after turning round and round many times as one flew over the hard snow surface, and arriving in a heap, head foremost, in a snowdrift, one was quite ready to try again. Luckily another north-west gale set in, and when it had blown itself out there were too many sharp-pointed rocks sticking up out of the remaining snow to make our mad descents practicable.

I wonder if "swaggers" have been improved off the face of the country districts of New Zealand? Tramps one would perhaps have called them in England, and yet they were hardly tramps so much as men of a roving disposition, who wandered about asking for work, and they really could and did work if wanted. They nearly always appeared, with their "swag" (a roll of red blankets) on their backs, about sunset, and it was etiquette for them to offer to chop wood before shelter was suggested. A good meal of tea, mutton, and bread followed as a matter of course, and a shakedown in some shed. In the early morning, if there was no employment forthcoming, the "swag-

ger" would fetch water, chop more wood, or do anything he was asked, before he got some more food and left. They always seemed very quiet, decent men, and perfectly honest. Indeed, a missing pair of boots (afterwards found to have only been mislaid) raised a great commotion in the whole countryside until they were found, and I suspect the owner had to apologize abjectly to all the "swaggers"!

The invariable custom of the swagger only appearing at sunset made it all the more wonderful when I found one crouched in a corner of the veranda at dawn one bitter winter's morning. Now I was not at all in the habit of getting up at daylight in winter, but it was a glorious morning after nearly a week of wretched wet and cold weather. Some demon of restlessness must have induced me to jump up, huddle on a warm dressing-gown, and start on a window-opening expedition, which led me shortly to the little hall door. This I also opened to let in the fast-coming sunshine, and I nearly tumbled over the most forlorn object it is possible to imagine. At first I thought that a heap of wet and dirty clothes lay at my feet, but a shaggy head uprose and a feeble voice muttered "I'm fair clemmed." Such wistful eyes, like a lost, starving dog, glanced at me, and then the head dropped back. I thought the man was dead or dying, and I flew to wake up F. and to fetch my medicine bottle of brandy. But I could not get any down his throat until F. arrived on the scene and turned the poor creature over on his back. By this time I had roused up the "cadet," and also got my maids hurriedly out of bed. My tale was so pitiful that the warm-hearted Irish cook—in the scantiest toilet—was lighting the kitchen fire by the time F. and Mr. U. brought the poor man in. Water was literally streaming from him, and the first thing to be done was to get him out of his

sodden clothes. Contributions from the two gentlemen were soon forthcoming, and after a brief retirement into my store-room, the wretched swagger emerged, dry indeed, but the image of exhaustion and starvation. Warm bread and milk every two hours was all we dared give him that day, and he slept and slept as if he never meant to wake again.

I forget how many days passed before he had at all recovered, and by that time my maids had cleaned and mended his clothes in a surprising manner, and he had, himself, cobbled up his boots. A hat had to be provided and a pipe, but we could not spare any blankets for the "swag." However, though he hardly spoke to anyone, he told Mr. U. he felt quite able to start next day, and F. elicited from him with some difficulty—for it was against "swagger" etiquette ever to complain of the treatment of one station-holder to another—that at the very beginning of that bad weather he had found himself at sundown at a station about a dozen miles further back in the hills, and had been refused shelter. The man pointed out that he did not know the track over a difficult saddle, that very bad weather was evidently coming on, and that he had no food, but he was ruthlessly turned off and seemed soon to have lost his way. He wandered some days—he did not know how many—without food or shelter, pelted by the merciless and continuous storm; his pipe and blankets soon got lost in one of the numerous bog-holes, and he really did not know how he found his way to our veranda, or how long before dawn he had been lying there. I must say it was the only instance I heard of brutality to a swagger whilst I was in New Zealand.

Well, by the next morning I had ceased to think about the swagger, and when I looked out of my window to enjoy the delicious crisp air and the

sunshine, I saw my friend coming round the corner of the house, evidently prepared to start. He looked round, but I had slipped behind the window curtain, so he saw no one. To my deep surprise, the man dropped on his knees upon the little gravel path, took off his hat, and poured forth the most impassioned prayer for all the dwellers beneath the roof which had given him shelter. Not a soul was stirring, so he could not have been doing it for effect, and he certainly had not seen me. I felt as if I had no right to listen, for it was as though he were laying bare his soul. First there was his deep thankfulness for his own preservation most touchingly expressed, and then he prayed for every blessing on each and all of us, and finally, as he rose from his knees, he signed the Cross over the little roof-tree which had sheltered him in his hour of need. And we had all thought him a silent and somewhat ungracious man!

I really *cannot* believe that I often rode fifty miles to a ball, or rather two balls, danced all night for two successive nights, and rode back again the next day. The railway was even then creeping up the plains and saved us the last twenty-five miles of the road. These same balls were almost the only form of society in those days, for dinner parties were impossible for want of anything but the most elementary service. Certainly there were bazaars sometimes, but I do not remember riding fifty miles for any of them! Such amusing things used to happen at these balls, which no doubt, were very primitive, but we all enjoyed them too much to be critical.

On one occasion the Governor had come to Christchurch for some political reason, and of course there were balls to welcome him. He had brought down some Maori chieftains with him; rumor said he was afraid to leave them behind in the North Island, where the

seat of Government was and is. Now I was very curious to see these chieftains, and it was somewhat of a shock to behold tall, well-built, dark-hued men faultlessly clad in correct evening dress, but with tattooed faces. Presently one of the stewards of the ball came to me and said:

"Te Henare wants very much to dance these Lancers; I should be so grateful if you would dance with him."

"Certainly," I answered, "but can he dance?"

"Oh, he will soon pick it up, and you'd have an interpreter."

"Te Henare, who had been watching the result of the mission, now approached, made me a beautiful bow, and offered his arm most correctly, and we took our places at the side, closely followed by the interpreter. I discovered through this gentleman that my dusky partner had never seen a ball or social gathering of any sort before, and that he had learned his bow and how to claim his partner since he entered the room. Of course we danced in silence, and indeed I was fully occupied in admiring the extraordinary rapidity with which Te Henare mastered the intricacies of the dance. He never made a single mistake in any part which he had seen the top couples do first, and when I had to guide him he understood directly. It was a wonderful set of Lancers, and when it was over I told the interpreter that I was quite astonished to see how well Te Henare danced. This little compliment was duly repeated, and I could not imagine why the interpreter laughed at the answer. Te Henare seemed very anxious that it should be passed on to me and was most serious about it, so I insisted on being told. It seems the poor chieftain had said with a deep sigh, "Ah, if I might only dance without my clothes! No one could really dance in these horrid things!"

Te Henare apologized through the interpreter for his tattooed face. His cheeks were decorated with spiral dark-blue curves, and his forehead bore an excellent copy of a sea-shell. The poor man was deeply ashamed of his tattoo, and said he would give anything to get rid of the disfiguring marks, and so would the other chieftains, adding pathetically, "Until we came here we were proud of them."

I must confess I got rather tired of poor Te Henare, and indeed of all the chieftains, for they insisted on coming to call on me next day for the purpose of letting me hear some Maori music. I cannot truthfully say I enjoyed it. Every song seemed to have at least fifty verses as well as a refrain. For-

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tunately they did not sing loudly, but there was no tune beyond a bar or two, and the monotony was maddening. The interpreter and I tried in vain to stop them, and at last I went away, leaving them still singing, quite happily, what I was informed was "a love-song." It seemed more in the nature of a lullaby.

I fear it is an unusual confession for a staid elderly woman to make, but I certainly enjoyed those unconventional—what might almost be called rough—days more than the long years of official routine and luxury which followed them. But then one looks back on those days through the softening haze of time and distance, of youth and health; and remember that after all "the greatest of these is Love."

THE NEBULÆ.

In its strictest meaning the name "nebula" belongs to such hazy, or cloud-like, objects in the sky as the spectroscope has definitely proved to be of a gaseous constitution. It may, however, also be applied to a far larger number as to whose nature great uncertainty still exists, no telescope having yet resolved them into stars, while at the same time their light does not give a gaseous spectrum. On the other hand, those objects which the defining power of a very large telescope proves to be composed of myriads of stars, although they present a nebulous appearance in smaller instruments, owing to the overlapping of the stellar images, are properly termed star-clusters.

In this article "nebula" will have the wider of the two above-named meanings; and embrace the much larger class as to whose material composition we have no definite knowledge, as well

as those which are known to be vast masses of gas.

Such nebulae are very numerous. About ten thousand have been catalogued by telescopic observation. But the number recently revealed by prolonged photographic exposures is so great that it would seem that they may no longer be counted merely by tens, but more probably by hundreds, of thousands.

It can never be forgotten that Sir William Huggins was the first, in August 1864, to prove with his spectroscope that any nebula was really gaseous—a great achievement, the importance of which, apart from its own intrinsic merit, was all the more vividly appreciated because of its opportuneness. It came at a time when Lord Rosse's great reflector, six feet in diameter, had resolved into stars several hitherto so-called nebulae, which had obstinately remained cloud-like in all

other telescopes. A widespread opinion had consequently obtained credence, not only among the general public but also among many professional astronomers, that greater telescopic power would resolve into constituent stars *all* the nebulæ. If so, their still unresolved nebulous appearance could only be due to the enormity of their distance. They were spoken of as, in all probability, "*universes*," similar to our own universe of stars, but isolated from it at distances almost inconceivably great, and far beyond its utmost boundaries.

The spectroscope, however, at once overthrew this hypothesis in the case of all which it proved to be gaseous. It showed that they would still present a nebulous appearance, owing to their actual constitution, whether their distances from the earth might be greater or less. And it therefore also followed that they need not necessarily be beyond the confines of our own stellar system in order to present that appearance. This supposition, as we shall presently see, has been confirmed, until it approaches certainty, by various lines of subsequent investigation.

It is true that the hypothesis of universe beyond universe, occupying the furthest depths of space, until so distant that each would appear as a mere faintly-shining spot of light, was so fascinating that it was very hard to kill. It seemed to many to give a glory and a grandeur to the heavens around them which they could not bring themselves to resign.

It is, however, very grievous to find how little more of at all equal importance has been discovered with regard to nebulæ during the forty years that have since elapsed. In common with most of the other branches of the great science of astronomy it seems, at the present time, that nebular astronomy is teaching its students many a lesson of humility and patience. As

the result of all the observations continuously amassed and discussed difficulties arise to puzzle and bewilder far more rapidly than they are solved. We climb on to the next rung of the ladder, but our higher standpoint only affords a wider view of the unknown, whose unsolved problems are thereby multiplied in a ratio far exceeding the amount of fresh knowledge gained.

It is not possible at present, for instance, to say with any certainty what is the distance from the earth of any single nebula; or what the precise constitution of the matter in it, even when it is chiefly gaseous; or what its temperature, or the effective cause of its light; or from what vapors the most characteristic lines of the spectra of the gaseous nebulæ arise.

In spite, however, of such a confession of ignorance, I will now endeavor to bring together a few of the most important suggestions of recent date as to the puzzling characteristics of these very remarkable bodies.

To do so at the present time may also be the more appropriate, since recent investigations into the nature and action of ions and electrons, of Röntgen and Becquerel and Blondlot rays, and above all, of the varied and well-nigh marvellously energetic emanations of radium cannot but suggest that, before long, some unexpected explanation may be found of the cause and maintenance of that luminosity in the nebulæ which is one of their greatest mysteries; in addition to which the later photographs of the recent new star in Perseus have further increased the interest of this subject, by showing that there may very probably be many additional nebulæ, unseen because unilluminated, scattered in the midst of the star-strewn heavens, besides all those whose light it is so difficult to explain.

I have said that we are unable to speak definitely as to the actual dis-

tance of any nebula from the earth. With a few of the stars it is otherwise. In their case the shift of the earth's position, in the course of six consecutive months as it circles round the sun, produces a very minute, but nevertheless measurable, change in the directions in which they are seen, from which change of direction, technically termed parallax, their distances can be calculated. It results that the very nearest of the stars is at a distance of at least twenty-five millions of millions of miles from the earth; while all, except about forty, must be more than ten times as far away. The faintest visible to the naked eye (although some may be in themselves much brighter, or larger, than others) are probably upon an average, a hundred times as distant as the nearest star. And beyond these, myriads upon myriads are at distances which, although finite, defy all accurate calculation.

No such measurable parallax, from which its distance might be deduced, has, however, yet been found for any nebula; one reason being that it is impossible, in such hazy, ill-defined bodies, to select sufficiently definite points from which to make the very delicate and accurate measurements needed. Nor can we judge of the comparative distances of various nebulae in another way, which is useful in the case of stars. The stars, in general, possess certain small movements (determinable by telescopic observation) along the surface of the celestial sphere, which are termed proper motions. Although these movements are very small, some are much larger than others, and it is reasonably concluded that, upon an average, those stars which in this way appear to move more rapidly are nearer

to the earth than those whose corresponding movements appear to be slower. But no movements of this kind have been detected in the nebulae; it may be because suitable observations have not yet been sufficiently long continued; but chiefly, no doubt, for the reason already mentioned—viz. the lack of clearly defined points within their confines from which to make precise measurements.¹

In neither way, therefore, has it been possible, up to the present time, either definitely to calculate the distance of any nebula, or even (except perhaps very slightly from the spectroscopic observations referred to in the footnote) to judge whether any given nebula may be nearer, or further away, than some of its compeers. It may, however, be hoped that, in the course of time, some definite solution of the problem of nebular distance may be attained, in a few cases, by the measurement, through a long series of years, of photographs specially taken for that purpose, in which some particularly well-defined part may exhibit a permanency of form and brightness sufficient for accurate and repeated measurements of its place.

Nevertheless it is meanwhile very interesting to notice, as I will now proceed to explain, that various lines of argument, founded upon altogether independent classes of observations, combine, in a most remarkable manner, to show that stellar and nebular distances are of similar magnitude, and that both classes of bodies, as already stated, are consequently mingled together.

For instance, the well-known group of the Pleiades seems to be much infolded in nebulosity, more and more of which is apparent as the length of ex-

¹ The nebulae, nevertheless, doubtless possess such proper motions, although they are as yet undetermined: for it has been found, by the aid of a spectroscope, in a few instances, that they have, in the perpendicular direction (i.e. towards or from the earth), ve-

locities comparable in magnitude with those of the stars. Such observations are, however, so difficult and so few in number that they have afforded very little help towards any judgment as to the relative distance of the nebulae in general.

posure and the sensitiveness of the plates used for its photography are increased.

Of this nebulosity portions are seen to be clearly attached to certain of the principal stars, either surrounding them, or radiating from them in sprays and spirals; while, in some parts, it runs along almost like a rope, or ribbon, from star to star. It cannot but be, therefore, that the stars of the group and much of this nebulosity must be mixed together, and practically at the same distance from the earth.

On two occasions temporary stars have shone forth almost exactly in the middle of a nebula.² This coincidence of so central a position makes it almost certain that the stars were situated *in*, and not merely seen projected upon, these nebulae.

Again, as was first noticed by Sir William Herschel, a certain number of individual stars are surrounded with nebulosity, its amount varying, in all gradations, from a barely visible, hazy halo to an appearance which is almost entirely nebulous with only the faintest glimmer of a stellar point in its centre. Nebulosity, thus attendant upon any star, must of course be at the same distance as the star.

Once more, Sir William Huggins, by comparing the bright lines in the spectra of certain stars in the central part of the great Orion nebula with those in the spectrum of the light of the nebula itself, found indications that these stars are physically bound up with it; while Professor Keeler, as well as Professor Campbell, although upon somewhat different grounds—viz. by observations of the absorption-lines of stars apparently seen upon it—have also pronounced in favor of a definite connection between some of those stars and the nebulosity.

Further, there are two remarkable

² In a nebula in Scorpio in 1860, and in the Andromeda nebula in 1885.

objects in the southern heavens which look almost as if matter had been sent along some channel out of the Milky Way to form them. They are called the Nubecula Major and Minor, or sometimes the two Magellanic clouds, a name given to them in honor of the great navigator, Magellan, of the sixteenth century. When Sir John Herschel was at the Cape of Good Hope he carefully observed them. He found that the larger covered a space of about forty-two square degrees in the sky—i. e. about two hundred times the apparent disc of the full moon—and the smaller about ten square degrees. They are roughly circular, or slightly oval, in appearance, and are therefore doubtless approximately of a spherical form, as it is otherwise most improbable that both would present a similar shape simply as the result of any perspective foreshortening. Within them the telescope displays hundreds of stars (from the seventh magnitude downwards), hundreds of nebulae, and numerous globular and other clusters of all degrees of resolvability. Whatever the actual distances and sizes of these nubeculae may be, it can be shown, by an easy method of calculation, that their diameters, and consequently the difference between the distances of their nearest and furthest parts, must bear quite a moderate proportion to the whole distance of either from us. It may be concluded, therefore, as Sir J. Herschel pointed out, that, within their comparatively limited boundaries, and consequently at the same order of distance from us, nebulae, stars, and star-clusters are all intermingled together.

Moreover, the best recent observations and researches connected with the spectra of stars increasingly support the belief that stars are formed out of nebulae. In various parts of many nebulae it is clearly seen that matter is condensed, or drawn together, either as a brighter surrounding of

certain stars,² or in the form of knots, or ill-defined aggregations, which are probably stars in process of formation. And in some of those exceedingly close double stars recently discovered, which are termed spectroscopic binaries,³ it is found that the periods and conditions of their mutual revolutions prove that they are of such very light density that they cannot differ much from a nebula in their constitution. Other considerations also make it very probable that they have been produced by the comparatively recent fracture, or disruption, of a nebula into two separate portions. But any stars thus formed from nebulæ must necessarily be at the same distances as the nebulæ from which they are formed.

It is also very remarkable that lines, or streams, of stars may often be noticed approximately running along the edge of some dark rift, or channel, in a great nebula. This certainly looks as if the matter, apparently wanting in such a channel, may have been, so to say, used up in the making of these stars. Once more, although somewhat more hypothetically, the belief that stellar and nebular distances from the earth are of similar magnitude is confirmed.

It would be easy to quote the opinion of one great astronomer after another in favor of this statement. But a single sentence may suffice, written by one of the most distinguished, Professor Young, in his recently published *Lessons in Astronomy*: "Like the star clusters, the nebulæ are within the stellar universe and not beyond its boundaries" (p. 281).

While, therefore, the actual distance of any nebula cannot at present be determined, it is, I think, of the highest interest to notice how all these various

lines of argument mutually assure us that the nebulæ and the stars are intermingled in our universe, although most probably the nebulæ, as a rule, are located among the more distant rather than among the nearer stars.

From this another very interesting result immediately follows. The real size of a nebula, which appears to us to be of a certain apparent size, must of course depend upon its distance. If it be twice as far away, its linear dimensions must be twice as great, in order to make it appear of the given size; and so on. As we know not the actual distance of any nebula it must, therefore, be allowed that we cannot say what its actual length, or breadth, may measure. They may be ten times, or a hundred times, as great, if it should presently prove that we must assign a tenfold, or a hundredfold, greater distance to it. But it is most interesting to find, even if we take the very lowest possible estimate that can reasonably be suggested of what such a distance may be, that we are nevertheless certain that many of the nebulæ must be of startlingly huge proportions.

For instance, let us consider merely the very densest central part of the nebula in Orion—a portion the length, and breadth, of which may each be taken as rather more than one-half of a degree of angular measurement, which is nearly the apparent diameter of the disc of the moon. Then, if we suppose the nebula to be only about seventy-five times as distant as the very nearest star, and therefore much nearer than the great majority of the stars, the real surface-area of that small part of the whole nebula would be not much less than three hundred quadrillions of square miles,⁴ or more

² See "The Nineteenth Century," August 1900, pp. 293 et seq.

³ The calculation is made for a parallax of 0".01, which puts the nebula at a distance seventy-five times greater than that of the

⁴ For instance, of a nebula near the first-magnitude star Antares, in Scorpio, Professor Barnard has said: "It strongly condenses about certain bright stars, and thus unmistakably shows its connection with them." See "Knowledge," vol. xix. p. 208,

than eleven million times that of the vast orbit of the planet Neptune, as it sweeps round the sun at a distance of about 2,800 millions of miles. The larger nebulae, and not only they, but probably thousands of others of comparatively smaller dimensions, are, therefore, indeed of giant size.

But this being so, we at once learn something as to their constitution; and in the midst of much doubt and ignorance any such knowledge is very valuable. This enormous size in such nebulae requires that their density must be almost inconceivably small. Some years ago this was excellently worked out by Mr. Ranyard, who showed that the mean density of such a nebula as that in Orion must, in all probability, be less (or, it might perhaps better be said, very likely far less) than one ten-thousand-millionth part of the density of the earth's atmosphere at sea-level,* for otherwise the attraction of the mass of matter in the nebula would generate in neighboring stars, as they circulated about it, velocities, or proper motions, which would be very apparent, whereas no such notable stellar movements are observed. The same conclusion, as to the extreme tenuity of such nebulosity, is confirmed in other similar cases—*e. g.* by the small proper motions of the stars in the neighborhood of that great mass of nebula which, as already mentioned, embraces in its wide-spreading folds the stars in the group of the Pleiades.

It is, however, impossible to say of what constitution matter of such tenuity may be; but under the conditions of temperature probably existing in it, it would, at any rate, be reasonable to suppose that it would be very transparent. In certain instances this is undoubtedly so. There is practically no doubt that we often see the light

of stars through many thousands of millions of miles of nebula. But if the very smallest appreciable amount of non-transparency existed in such cases this could not be, since the hindrance to their light would increase, not simply as the distance through which a star's rays might have to pass, but as the square of that distance. The obscuration produced would, therefore, be so rapidly intensified that the stellar light would very quickly be entirely extinguished. In this connection Professor Newcomb has recently definitely stated that "Not only the spectroscopic evidence of bright lines, but the aspect of the objects themselves, shows that they are transparent through and through. This is remarkable when taken in connection with their inconceivable size." This clear transparency thus met with in nebula after nebula gives, I think, great confirmation to the supposition of their exceedingly light density.

Nevertheless, as in much else relating to these puzzling bodies, other facts are met with which tend in the contrary direction. In the case of the great Dumb-Bell Nebula, in the constellation of the Fox, Dr. Isaac Roberts finds indications of the existence of "a broad ring of nebulosity which surrounds a globular mass. This ring, not being sufficiently dense," as he says, "to obscure the light of the central region of the globular mass, is dense enough to obscure those parts of it which are hidden by the increasing thickness of the nebulosity, thus producing the 'dumb-bell' appearance."† That is as I opine, the obscuration occurs where our line of sight, as we look towards the central mass, passes by the effect of perspective through a greater thickness of the matter in the ring. Again, Professor E. C. Pickering has

star α Centauri. A quadrillion, according to English notation, is 1 followed by 24 zeros.

* "Knowledge," vol. xv. p. 192.

† "The Stars," by Newcomb p. 189.

‡ "Celestial Photographs," by Dr. Isaac Roberts, F.R.S., vol. i. p. 114.

shown that the number of faint stars seen in the region of the Pleiades is decidedly smaller than in the adjacent regions of the sky. The widespread nebulosity of that group would, therefore, certainly seem to possess some absorbent property, which hinders the passage of light from very faint stars behind it.

Further, Miss Agnes Clerke has remarked that "the spectra of stars with nebular appurtenances are mainly impressed with dark lines of helium, hydrogen, and oxygen." But, she adds, "it might have been anticipated that nebulous stars would be found to shine predominantly by emission—i. e. that bright" (instead of dark) "lines would be conspicuous in their spectra. Facts, however, do not bear out this forecast." In other words, we find that the vibrations of the light from these stars, as it travels through the surrounding nebulosity, does not pass unhindered, but suffers an absorptive effect.

While, therefore, the vast masses of these wondrous bodies seem, in general, to be in a condition of almost perfect transparency, there are nevertheless indications that, under certain conditions, they may become in some degree opaque. Once more then, baffled and puzzled by the nebulae, we must await further discoveries for the explanation of such apparently contradictory features. It is, however, as we have seen, happily possible to speak with much certainty as to their immense size, their intensely small density, and their general intermixture with the stars as a constituent part of our universe.

Next, however, a further confession of ignorance must be made as to various other points relating to the matter of which they may be constituted, its chief or most important components,

and the cause and nature of its luminosity.

When Sir William Huggins first examined the spectrum of a gaseous nebula, in the year 1864, he found in it three bright lines. Of these one belonged to hydrogen gas; the other two (in that part of the spectrum which is of a greenish tint) could not be identified as due to any known substance. Since that date these two latter have always been found in the light of very gaseous nebula, except when that light has been so faint that only the brighter of the two has been seen. That one is, therefore, the special characteristic line of such nebulae, and doubtless arises from the vapor of the most important substance present in them. It is true that in the spectra of the brightest gaseous nebulae many more bright lines appear (those whose places have been determined with a fair amount of accuracy amounting to about fifty) of which a considerable number are due to hydrogen and some to helium. But it is only possible to assign the imaginary name of *nebulium* to the substance whose vapor, as above stated, produces the most important and persistent line of all.

We know not what that substance is, or in what peculiar or primordial condition it may be. We cannot find it upon the earth, or in the vapors of the sun. Yet, as the name of helium was assigned to certain bright lines seen in the sun, some twenty-five years before Sir William Ramsay, in 1895, first discovered it upon the earth, so it may be hoped that presently the mystery of nebulium may in like manner be solved. One, and only one, indication of its properties has yet glimmered forth. It is that the vapor of nebulium may be denser than that of hydrogen.

We have thus seen how little we know in regard to the gaseous nebulae, which include among their various types those of very large, irregular

* "Knowledge," vol. XXV. pp. 225-6.

form, such as that in Orion; the planetary or disc-like; and the annular or ring-shaped; all of which in the telescope appear of a greenish hue. But we know still less as to nebulae whose light is whitish, which are also far more numerous, the reason being that their light, when examined with a spectroscope, gives a continuous spectrum, *i. e.* a colored band of light without any lines across it either dark or bright. This spectrum is that which the light of any shining incandescent solid mass, such as a piece of white-hot iron or a limelight, affords. It is one in which no details are visible to help to reveal the particular substance, or substances, from which it arises. Nor does such a spectrum even definitely indicate its origin to be necessarily from solid matter. If it did, nebulae emitting it might to a considerable extent consist of a mass of stars whose images the telescope failed to define;¹⁰—stars, therefore, either much further away than would otherwise have seemed probable, or else individually of much smaller size than ordinary stars. The spectrum, however, does not even indicate so much as this, because such a spectrum may also arise from gas under high pressure, or possibly be due, in some cases, to the emanation of light from an immense depth of hot transparent gas. Indeed, it is not unlikely that a very faint indication of such a continuous spectrum, also seen in conjunction with the bright lines of some of the more brilliant gaseous nebulae, may be thus produced by gas.

While then, as previously stated, it must be allowed with regard to the gaseous nebulae that, apart from the presence of hydrogen and helium, we know not what their gases are, we are still more ignorant as to the origin of the light of all the other nebulae. We

cannot say whether it may be derived from myriads of little stars, or so-called sunlets; or from some kind of (what may be termed) star-dust; or from some form of gaseous matter, emitting light from great depths, or existing under special conditions of temperature and pressure. And here I wish to mention a very valuable suggestion made by Mr. Maunder a few years ago, which I believe may be briefly expressed as follows:—That both classes of nebulae may perhaps be composed of stars in an early stage of development, with very small condensed photospheres (corresponding to the light-giving surface of our sun), but with very largely developed chromospheres and coronas, corresponding to the two solar appendages which lie in succession above the photosphere. The chromosphere of the sun is mainly gaseous; the corona mainly composed of solid dust-like matter. If, therefore, in the stars in some nebulae, the gaseous chromospheres were much more prominent than the coronas, the corresponding nebular spectrum would be a gaseous one. If the contrary were the case, and the coronas predominated, the spectrum would be a continuous one, as in the nebulae of whitish hue.¹¹ But there are many difficulties, connected with the spectral details, involved in this hypothesis, as in every other yet put forward for the explanation of the spectra of the nebulae.

In many other respects their phenomena are also very mysterious. Whether, for instance, as has been suggested, we see in parts of them vast quantities of outrushing highly heated matter, opaque, until it becomes more luminous and transparent as it cools; or whether the additional light seen in some regions may be produced by matter that is condensing and consequently increases in the spectrum produced by their vapors.

¹¹ "Knowledge," vol. xix. p. 38.

¹⁰ It should, however, be noticed that in that case we might expect to find absorption-

ing in heat; or why the great nebulae which the spectroscope shows to be gaseous should so often exhibit sharply defined boundaries, instead of their gas diffusing itself vaguely in all directions; or whether the convoluted curves of the very numerous spirally formed nebulae are due to the indraught of matter towards a centre, or to its ejection from a centre; or why those dark channels or lanes which I have already mentioned should be of such remarkable distinctness, and run like thoroughfares through many of the nebulae. Can they be due, it may be asked, to the interposition of opaque matter which, in those parts, obstructs the passage of light; or are they real vacuities, the matter once in their place having been used up in the making of stars, which in many cases seem most remarkably to lie along their edges and to follow their course; or are they simply portions of gas which for the time being are emitting no light?

It is impossible to say. It is all an unsolved problem. Like Pelion and Ossa upon Olympus, mystery is heaped upon mystery until so high an authority as Miss Clerke can only speak of "a glimmering of reason beginning to hover over what has long appeared a scene of hopeless bewilderment;"¹² or of its being "impossible to divine what sort of communication" straight lines of nebulae running, as in the Pleiades, from star to star "establish between the stars they connect,"¹³ or of the true nature and origin of the nebulous halos round certain stars being "a subject for inquiries likely to be long and arduous."¹⁴ Even the plan, or law, of the distribution of the nebulae in the sky is a mystery; the great gaseous ones being found almost entirely in the Milky Way, where globular star-clusters and stars in general abound; while

the whiter nebulae are far more abundant in the parts of the heavens most distant from it.

But of all their mysteries none is, perhaps, greater than that which meets us is the question: Why, or how, do they shine? What is the process—what is the nature of the energy which makes them luminous? Their light is certainly, in general, faint; often very faint. This is not, however, due to their distance, because their apparent size diminishes with their distance in just the same ratio as that by which their distance affects the brightness of their light. At any distance any given nebula would, therefore, appear of unaltered brightness. But as regards the generating process of that faint light we may well ask:—Is it due to molecular or meteoritic collisions; or to intra-molecular vibrations; or to such electrical action as takes place in a vacuum tube? Is it due to their matter being in such an elementary condition that it may even be said to be composed of electricity? For such a constitution of matter (first, I believe, suggested by W. K. Clifford) may now be considered possible, since it has been shown that a moving charge of electricity possesses an apparent mass, or inertia, which is taken to be the fundamental attribute of matter. Or shall the nebular light be assigned to some known, or unknown, form of phosphorescence? None can yet say. Just as little is at present known as to the nature of the nebular luminosity as, until the other day, was known of radium and of the various classes of rays emitted by it. Yet as Sir W. and Lady Huggins have recently proved that the energy of those emanations can cause the nitrogen of the atmosphere to give forth its spectrum, so it may be surmised that radium may play an important part in the nebulae.

It has recently been suggested as by no means improbable that the heat of

¹² "The System of the Stars," p. 251.

¹³ "Problems in Astrophysics," p. 418.

¹⁴ "Ibid." p. 468.

the sun may have been sustained, during past ages of far longer continuance than the heat generated simply through its own contraction could have permitted, by means of a comparatively small and hitherto altogether unsuspected amount of radium. May we not, therefore, think it to be by no means unlikely that the light and temperature of the nebulæ may owe much to the action of this same substance, the existence of which, as a constituent in them, may be the more probable, since recent investigations have given indications of a certain subtle relationship between radium and helium, which latter element undoubtedly reveals its presence in the spectra of the gaseous nebulæ?

But the more, we may say, the more after all, is the feeling intensified: How little do we know as yet of these wondrous objects! We are still feebly, dimly, longing and searching after the truths hidden within them. We may well believe that all the shining orbs around us have sprung from nebulæ—single stars from single nebulæ; and double stars (which, as time goes on, are found to be increasingly abundant) from double nebulæ; and in all probability star-clusters from nebulæ of especial size, and in many cases of a spiral form, since star-clusters themselves often exhibit signs of spiral convolutions.¹³ As Tennyson has termed them,¹⁴ all these

Regions of lucid matter taking forms,
Brushes of fire, hazy gleams,
Clusters and beds of worlds, and bee-
like swarms
Of suns, and starry streams

may have had this common origin. And yet, while we may trace, with but little doubt, the after evolutionary processes that have thus found their

scope in many a nebula, we cannot say of any single nebula among the thousands and hundreds of thousands of whose existence we are aware what it is made of, or why it shines.

The nebulæ, visible in the telescope, or photographed in the camera, are therefore most baffling to the study of astronomers and physicists alike. But just as dark stars, invisible to the eye or telescope, certainly abound in the heavens, to the number probably of many millions,¹⁵ so there are indications that dark (or exceedingly faintly illuminated) nebulosity, may also be abundant. In this Review, in February 1902, I drew attention to the photographs of what appeared to be bright nebulosity around the recent new star in Perseus. Successive photographs showed that this luminous nebulosity seemed steadily to increase in distance from the star, spreading outwards as if in expanding circular, or spherical, surfaces around it. I favored the hypothesis that this appearance was not caused by any outrush of matter from the star, but that it was due to the outward passage of light, which had emanated from the star during the short time when its first brilliancy continued to be of very great intensity. It seemed probable that nebulosity existed in an immense extent of space around the star, but unilluminated, and therefore invisible; and that the locality of the phenomenon was so immensely distant that the vast velocity of light was, apparently, so reduced by the effect of that distance that the luminous outburst, which had started from the star, could be watched in its onward progress as it temporarily lighted up successive portions of the nebula, and rendered them visible while it was passing through them.

¹³ See "Celestial Photographs," by Dr. I. Roberts, F.R.S., vols. i. and ii.

¹⁴ "Tennyson, A Memoir," by Hallam Lord Tennyson, vol. i. p. 120.

¹⁵ See "Some Unseen Stars," in the "Nineteenth Century," August 1900, pp. 285 et seq.

Since then, the discovery in a photograph of an earlier date of traces of the same effect, at a distance from the star corresponding to that which the light would then have reached, and also some feeble indications of a certain amount of similarity between the light subsequently received from the nebulosity and that of the star at the time of its outburst, have given considerable confirmation to this hypothesis. It is also one which is consistent with the cause to which I was, and still am, disposed to attribute the original violent outbreak of light—viz. to the friction and other effects of the star's passage through a nebula. At any rate, in this case, there are strong reasons in favor of the existence of a dark, or nearly dark, nebulosity, of wide extent; a supposition confirmed by the high authority of Professor Turner, who, in his recent work on *Modern Astronomy*,¹⁸ when speaking of the additional amount of exceedingly faint (or, as I think it may well be termed, almost dark) nebulosity proved to exist by a certain method of photography, has said: "We begin to wonder whether there is not an invisible veil of nebula over the whole sky, which would betray itself with a long enough exposure. Here again," he adds (in agreement with various statements made in this article), "we are getting information which we have only had time as yet to marvel at, not to interpret."

All this leads us on further still. When we bear in mind, as already stated, the reasonableness of the belief that all existing stars have been developed from nebulae, surely this probable abundance of dark nebulosity, superadded to the immense extent of that which is luminous, may well suggest the thought (even though it be but little more than a fancied dream): May we not imagine a far vaster nebular hy-

pothesis than that which Laplace proposed for the solar system? May it not be that all our universe, or stars, comets, star-clusters and nebulae, has come from one most vast primæval nebula, of which the existing nebulae, fainter or more luminous, in all their varieties of form and feature, are but the remains not yet condensed into shining orbs?

From nebulae we believe that stars are *still* being formed—stars which shall shine, and wax and wane in light till they, in turn, like many now around them, shall be dull or dark, dead and cold; until at last the whole universe shall attain one uniform temperature and its light and activity be no more? But then, what next? We cannot say. It is useless to look forward so far. But it is tempting to look back; and in that reverse process I cannot but think that we seem to reach an epoch in the far-distant past when all was nebula. If so, once more we may ask: What then? What came before that vastly widespread nebula? Who can draw the boundry line between creation and evolution in the ages of "the beginning"?

In connection with all such queries as these, the following quotation may be of special interest at the present time. Herbert Spencer, in concluding his remarkably impressive discussion of the nebular hypothesis, written some five-and-forty years ago, stated that even if the development from nebula should so far render "the genesis of the solar system, and of countless other systems like it, the comprehensible, the ultimate mystery continues as great as ever." And he added:

The problem of existence is not solved, it is simply removed further back. The Nebular Hypothesis throws no light on the origin of diffused matter; and diffused matter as much requires accounting for as concrete matter. The genesis of an atom is not

¹⁸ "Modern Astronomy," p. 237.

easier to conceive than the genesis of a planet. Nay, indeed, so far from making the universe a less mystery than before it makes a greater mystery. Creation by manufacture is a much lower thing than creation by evolution. A man can put together a machine, but he cannot make a machine develop itself. . . . That our harmonious universe once existed potentially as formless diffused matter, and

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has slowly grown into its present organized state, is a far more astonishing fact than would have been its formation after the artificial method vulgarly supposed. Those who hold it legitimate to argue from phenomena to noumena may rightly contend that the Nebular Hypothesis implies a First Cause as much transcending "the mechanical God of Paley," as this does the fetish of the savage."

E. Ledger.

MADemoisELLE AND FRAULEIN.

When Mademoiselle first arrived at Greathaven the season was at its height, and pupils were not lacking; but when the winter came, with the exception of a single weekly engagement, employment had she none. The gloomy waves rolled in upon an almost deserted strand, hotels were practically empty, boarding-houses shut up; only the regular inhabitants of the place remained. Yet, though she had originally intended to migrate to London with many other birds of passage at the end of the summer, though many dreary months would have to be lived through before she could hope to obtain fresh tuitions, Mademoiselle remained a fixture in her tiny attic room, for since coming to Greathaven she had found a friend.

Not an influential one, not even an attractive personality—just a little German Fräulein, middle-aged like herself, poor like herself, lonely like herself. In this loneliness perhaps lay the secret of the affection which had suddenly sprung up between them; the two little solitary souls had drifted together, touched, and become united.

It all began in November on *le Jour des Morts*. Fräulein, who was resident teacher at the school where Mademoiselle had her daily class, encountered the Frenchwoman in the passage, and

observed that her eyes were red. Immediately her thoughts flew to the hill-side churchyard amid the yellowing woods in the far Fatherland, where it had ever been her custom to carry on this day a wreath of immortelles, inscribed "To-my-innermost-heart's-beloved father"; and tears rushed to her own kind blue eyes.

"Ach!" she said, and clasped the other by the hand, "you, too, perhaps, have lost a father?"

"I have lost both—my father and my mother," said Mademoiselle.

"Your mother, too! Ach! you poor one!" exclaimed Fräulein. "Aber, you are more unfortunate than I. But my father—my above-all-dearest father!"

Mademoiselle wrung the little bony hand she held, and at the sympathetic pressure Fräulein sobbed, and then, because they were so lonely and so sorry for each other, and because there was no one else who understood in the least what they both were feeling, they fell into each other's arms and vowed friendship. And after that day, though life was just as hard, and the world was just as cold, and they both remained as poor as ever, each had a little warm bright place in her heart wherein the other was installed.

One bitterly cold day Fräulein, breathless after her climb up many flights of stairs, burst into Mademoi-

¹⁹ The "Westminster Review," July 1853.

selle's lodging. It was her custom to spend a couple of hours with her friend every evening during her own spare time. She found Mademoiselle sitting by the table, huddled up in a variety of wraps, and embracing with either arm a large beer-bottle.

"Jemini! what art thou doing there?" she inquired. "Is that beer in those bottles that thou art hugging so fondly?"

Mademoiselle's sallow cheek took a deeper tinge.

"But no, but no," she cried. "Beer! I would not touch it for the world."

"Not Lager beer?" interrupted Fräulein incredulously. "Ah, my dear, Lager beer is not to be spoken of in that tone. There are people who prefer Pilsener, but—"

"But I am not one of them," put in Mademoiselle with a laugh. "No, no, give me a good little Piquet. But it is not that either which I have here in these bottles. It is quite simply hot water. I try to warm myself, my dear—without, all the same, very much success."

With a laugh and a shrug she sent a third bottle rolling over the bare boards from beneath her feet, where it had hitherto lain concealed.

"The worst of it is," she added, still laughing rather ruefully, "I can never manage to get them all hot together. I boil the water in my spirit-lamp, and it is so small that by the time the second bottle is hot the first is cold. I have one side frozen, just as the other is getting comfortably warm."

Fräulein glanced at the grate, of which a summer decoration of cut paper, now very limp and gray, was the only plenishing; but she knew better than to ask why her friend did not have a fire. A world of unspoken sympathy was perceptible in her kind troubled eyes.

"Everyone has her little discomforts," she said at last, with a great assump-

tion of cheerfulness. "I, on the contrary, suffer from too much heat. My room is small, as thou knowest, and I have a fire at night—they make me such a fire, my angel, I nearly suffocate. I could very well do without half the coals that they put on."

Mademoiselle stiffened visibly.

"Indeed?" she said politely, but distantly, too.

"Ja wohl," returned Fräulein, with an awkward laugh. "I often wish that somebody could come with a little bag just to take them away—they are mine, you know; they are certainly mine, since they are put on my fire to burn for me—if somebody were to come with a little bag just to take them away, ach, how pleased I should be! What a kindness it would be! I should then not have to open the window before going to bed."

"Dost thou open the window before going to bed?" inquired Mademoiselle incredulously.

"Natürlich," replied Fräulein promptly; adding mentally, "When the weather is warm enough."

Mademoiselle pushed aside the bottles and gazed at her friend with a certain dignified severity, and remarked in frigid tones that, as no one was in the least likely ever to come to take Fräulein's coals away, it did not seem worth while to argue about it.

"Of course, of course," responded Fräulein hastily, "I only said *if*."

"Who would do such a thing?" inquired Mademoiselle, still bristling. "A charwoman, I suppose."

"No one, no one at all, my little love," cried Fräulein in deep confusion. "'Twas a mere foolish thought, prompted by my own selfishness—I am so uncomfortable, dost thou see?"

"Ah!" said Mademoiselle, leaning back in her chair and folding her arms, "it is a great pity. Thou must talk to the housemaid about it."

After that Fräulein said no more, and

for a day or two Mademoiselle discarded her hot bottles and kept up a brave assumption of being quite indifferent to the cold; but on one occasion her teeth began to chatter in the midst of a most interesting discussion, and Fräulein went home that night full of doughty resolution.

The fireplace in her own narrow room was not indeed so very big, nor did it seem to be unduly filled with coals, yet no sooner had the housemaid withdrawn, after setting a light to the small black pile, than Fraulein went down on her knees on the hearthrug and carefully removed the greater part of the fuel.

Such a very, very tiny fire remained that she went to bed a full hour earlier than usual and corrected some twenty-five German exercises from between the blankets. Her stiffened fingers could hardly feel the pen when, having amended the last pupil's rendering of the exhilarating phrases "Have you seen the paper-knife of the uncle? No, but I have here the pen-wiper of the aunt," she gladly laid it aside and blew out her candle.

Next day with a brown-paper parcel hidden beneath her cape and a rapidly beating heart she faced the little Frenchwoman.

Depositing her parcel and taking her friend by both hands she looked her full in the eyes.

"Thou lovest me, my dear one?" she asked tremulously.

"Dost thou ask?" replied Mademoiselle almost with indignation.

"Wilt thou not, then, give me a proof of love? Wilt thou not do me a favor?"

"Anything, anything in the world," said Mademoiselle eagerly.

"Shut thy eyes, then, and let me have my way."

"Eh, bien?" said Mademoiselle, smiling and shutting up her eyes.

In a few minutes a fire was crack-

ling in the grate, and at the sound she turned round with a cry.

"Be not angry, be not angry," pleaded Fräulein, throwing her arms about her. It has cost me nothing—not one farthing—and if you knew how I suffer when I think that thou art cold! Are we not as sisters, after all? Is not thy friendship for me great enough to accept as well as to give?"

And then Mademoiselle cried a little and kissed her, and finally drew her chair close to the fender, spreading out her thin hands with such undisguised enjoyment that Fräulein fairly hugged herself.

After this it became a recognized thing that Fräulein should arrive each day with a brown-paper parcel under her arm, that she and her friend should sit toasting themselves over a very small but cheerful fire, and that Fräulein should scuttle home to early bed and Ollendorf with so warm a glow of happiness in her heart that it quite atoned for frozen toes and numb fingers.

One day she burst into Mademoiselle's little room full of excitement.

"I have received a present—a present sent all the way from Germany. A sausage, my dear, which you and I will eat together for tea."

"Ah!" cried Mademoiselle delightedly; and sprang up to set her spirit-lamp going. "I have tea here," she cried, as she bustled to and fro, "and milk—yes, there is quite milk enough for two—and I will get some bread in a moment. There still remains some quite fresh butter."

"I have brought thee a roll," cried Fräulein ecstatically, "a German roll, my dear, to do honor to the German sausage. It is fresh, quite hot. Aber, we shall enjoy ourselves!"

Mademoiselle embraced her, set forth plates and cups, milk and sugar, made the tea, and sat down, rubbing her hands.

"Let us see this famous sausage," she cried gleefully. "Why, it is a French sausage!" she exclaimed, as Fräulein hastily undid the paper wrappers and held out the long brown roll. "I thought you said it was a German one?"

"And so, of course, it is," returned Fräulein. "It comes from Strasburg."

"Strasburg may have been taken from us," returned Mademoiselle, with some heat—it was a subject on which she felt strongly, for though she spoke the purest Parisian French she was an Alsatian—"Strasburg may have been taken from us, but that sausage, my dear, is French. Did I not recognize it? Did I not spend my childhood at Strasburg? And how many of these have I not eaten! Germany may claim Strasburg, but the sausage industry is a French industry—and none the worse for that!"

"My all-dear-one," said Fräulein with a complacent laugh, "thou mayst call it that, if thou wilt; but the facts remain the same. Alsace is, and by right should always have been, a province of the Fatherland. If any proof of that were wanting, it could be found in the Strasburg sausage. The French is not by nature a sausage-loving people; the German nation is. Consequently it is very evident that——"

"I cannot sit still and listen to such nonsense," interrupted Mademoiselle. "Thou sayest these things to me—me who am an Alsatian! Do I not know my own people? I tell thee our hearts remain French, though we have been robbed of our nationality."

"Robbed!" repeated Fräulein. "That is a curious word to use, Laure."

"I cannot help it," cried Mademoiselle. "I am frank, my dear, and I must speak the truth. All the world knows how our people hate the German tongue."

Fräulein was usually a very temper-

ate person; but her color rose, and her voice grew shrill as she answered:

"Excuse me, it is a stupidity that you say there."

"You are politeness itself, mein Fräulein," returned Mademoiselle.

Both had dropped the familiar *du* by mutual accord.

Fräulein uttered a short laugh.

"I cannot mince my words when the Fatherland is attacked."

"And I, of course, was foolish to expect you to sympathize with my feelings. You, with the detestable pride of the conqueror, would crush us beneath your heel," cried Mademoiselle. "Sympathy—delicacy of sentiment—I was indeed foolish to expect such things in one of your race."

Fräulein's lip quivered.

"Can you speak thus to me, Laure?" she asked in a trembling voice. "Can you look me in the face and say you have found me wanting in sympathy?"

Mademoiselle sprang to her feet, her face blazing, her black eyes shooting fire.

"What?" she cried, "do you dare? Oh, it is odious, odious! Oh, why did I ever degrade myself by accepting benefits from you? If I starve, if I die, I tell you I will repay you to the last farthing."

Fräulein turned quite pale and rose also.

"I do not understand you, Laure," she faltered. "I alluded to no benefits. I—I spoke merely of the friendship which——"

In her agitation she stammered and broke down.

Mademoiselle fixed her with her fiery gaze and pointed at her with a little knobby finger.

"Do not deny it," she cried; "do not. You have betrayed yourself. Yes, you were thinking of those coals, those accursed coals." She rushed to the hearth and began feverishly to rake out the little fire.

"You shall be paid, I say," she exclaimed at intervals as she hammered on the embers, "paid to the last mite!"

"If it is possible that you speak in sincerity," said Fräulein, in a very quavering voice, but with much dignity, "if you really believe your own words, if you can think me capable of that of which you accuse me, I have nothing to say—there is an end of everything between us."

"An end indeed!" returned Mademoiselle, still simmering with wrath. "Would to God there had never been a beginning! I should at least have preserved my self-respect."

Fräulein put on her battered hat and her worn jacket and muffler in silence and with shaking fingers, and walked to the door with lagging steps. Mademoiselle, without looking at her, continued to scrape and hammer at the coals. The door closed, and Mademoiselle turned round with a start, glanced at the table, sprang towards it, and was out on the landing just as Fräulein began to descend the second flight.

"Take your abominable sausage!" she cried; and sent the packet flying through the air.

Fräulein started as it fell with a thud at her feet, looked up with a world of reproach in eyes which had grown very pink about the lids, pushed the sausage out of her way with the patched toe of her boot, and continued to descend without a word.

Mademoiselle went back to her bare room and looked round at the blank hearth, the table where lay the untasted remains of the little feast which she had intended to enjoy with her friend, the chair which she had knocked over in her recent outburst—all was desolation and gloom. But wrath swallowed up regret.

"She shall be paid!" she cried, between her clenched teeth—"paid *jusqu' à la dernière obole!*"

And Heaven knows how, by what miracles of pinching and scraping, the money was got together; ten shillings—more indeed, in all probability, than the actual value of Fräulein's daily offering. The postal order was enclosed in an envelope with Mademoiselle's "Compliments and thanks," and sent by post, though the two teachers still met every day, passing each other by with a regal salute.

Mademoiselle felt better after she had discharged her obligation; but Fräulein hid the letter away with many tears. She was a foolish little woman—foolish enough, after all that had passed, to groan to herself, as she sat by her fire, at the remembrance of Mademoiselle's icy room.

But the Frenchwoman had her beer-bottles and her triumphant sense of restored self-respect; no doubt she felt quite happy.

One day Fräulein remarked, as she met Mademoiselle in the passage, that the latter's hands were covered with cracked and swollen chilblains—so much so that she evidently could not put on a glove.

Mademoiselle greeted her with a sliding curtsy and went on, but not before she had caught a look of almost piteous consternation in Fräulein's eyes.

On taking her class a few days later Mademoiselle found her pupils engaged in an eager discussion. The German lesson was just over, and Fräulein had passed her in the doorway with averted face.

"Only think," said one of the children, "poor Fräulein has been telling us about a German Christmas, and how everyone has a Christmas-tree, even the grown-ups. They make each other presents, and are all so jolly and happy. Do you know, Mademoiselle, when Fräulein was in the middle of telling us about it, she suddenly began to cry."

"Of course she has no one—no one

at all—to keep Christmas with,” said an older girl.

“*Dictée* number one hundred and seventeen,” said Mademoiselle, in an odd harsh tone.

But though she assumed a very business-like air, and often reproved her pupils for inattention, her own thoughts wandered frequently from *dictée* number one hundred and seventeen. Do what she would, the girl’s words kept coming back to her: “Of course she has no one—no one at all—to keep Christmas with.” And Germans thought so much of Christmas; it was a pity that she could not even have her little tree. If they had remained friends, they might have had one between them, with a few oranges and crackers, and five or six tiny tapers; and Mademoiselle might have given Fräulein that pretty blue necktie, which she had never worn. Fräulein adored blue; she would have been enchanted. And what a surprise it would have been! She saw it all. The little feast would, of course, be kept in her room; Fräulein would utter shrieks of joy, and would come round the table to embrace her. But what use to think of such things? All that was impossible now; they could never, never be friends again.

The very next morning a small parcel came by post to Mademoiselle directed in printed characters. Inside was a pair of mittens, beautifully knitted in a fancy stitch, and with cuffs extending a long way down the wrists. Mademoiselle looked at them with an odd expression, and turned them over and over; finally she put them on. They were very soft and warm, and fitted to a nicety. She sat staring at them with a curious medley of emotions. The sense of injury was still there, lingering resentment, wounded pride. Nevertheless, she could not but remember the dismay with which Fräulein had gazed at her poor swollen hands.

“She loves me still,” said Mademoiselle aloud, with a distinct note of exultation in her voice.

Poor Amalie! After all, she had sent her back the postal order, and could, in consequence, afford to be generous; she would wear the mittens. And so, instead of passing Fräulein with her usual stately air, she stopped short when next they met and held out her hands in their new coverings.

“Have I not to thank you for these?” she said. “Have I not to thank thee?” she added, as Fräulein gazed back at her, reddening, uncertain what to say.

“Ach, meine Liebe!” ejaculated Fräulein, and fell into her arms; and the last remnant of ill-feeling melted away from Mademoiselle’s heart as she returned the embrace.

“Ach, how good—how good it is to think that Christmas will not be so desolate, after all,” said Fräulein. “Ach, mein Herzchen, if thou didst but know how I dreaded it! At least we shall be together.”

“But certainly, my dear,” replied Mademoiselle, with an air of importance. “I have planned it all. Thou must come to me, and I will make thee a little fête.”

“Aber! thou above-all-most-amlable,” cried Fräulein delightedly; “thou didst plan it all when we were not even friends?”

“Si, si, ma chérie!” responded Mademoiselle magnanimously, “we were always friends. A little quarrel no more puts an end to true friendship than a cloud could extinguish the sun. So, then, it is understood we keep Christmas together.”

It was even more difficult to be absorbed in *dictée* number one hundred and eighteen than in its predecessor. Between the sentences which she enunciated with such laborious distinctness Mademoiselle was planning, contriving, calculating her resources. The *fête*

must be a real *fête*; she would astonish Amalie.

"What do you ask, my child? Certainly *rivière* is feminine. What else would you expect it to be? *Point et virgule*." There should be no sausages—certainly no sausages. Perhaps a little pie. Oh! it would be difficult to find money for it all. And so absorbed in prospective managing was Mademoiselle that it was not until several pairs of large round eyes were fixed upon her that she realized it was some time since the class had written the last word.

Who shall say how Mademoiselle did manage to procure funds for her Christmas party? She looked thin and cold and yellow during the preceding days, and a certain brooch which she usually wore unaccountably disappeared. Nevertheless, she made herself look very smart on Christmas Day, and her little room had such a gay and festive appearance that Fräulein fairly gasped when her friend threw open the door. There was a blazing fire, to begin with; the chimney-piece was garnished with a wreath of paper flowers and lighted up with a pair of colored candles. The table was covered with a spotless cloth and adorned in similar fashion—as much of it, at least, as Fräulein could see, but the greater part of it was hidden from her view by a large open umbrella.

"One moment!" cried Mademoiselle excitedly, as her friend hurried forward. "Just one moment, my beloved Amalie. I prepare a surprise. Shut thy eyes for a moment."

Fräulein, with a cackle of delighted anticipation, screwed up her eyes and turned away her head. The scraping of a match was heard, and a moment later the furling of the umbrella.

"Now thou mayst look!" cried Mademoiselle jubilantly.

And, lo and behold! there, in the centre of the table, was a tiny tree, all

covered with little candles, with oranges and apples fastened to the branches, and at the very top a paper *Christ-kindchen* cut out and colored by Mademoiselle's own hands. And at the foot was there not a small parcel with the words "To my dearest Amalie" most legibly written, and was not Mademoiselle herself positively glowing with happiness as she stood by laughing and rubbing her hands? Never, perhaps, had an innocent dream been so completely realized. Fräulein's shrieks of joy were, however, lacking at first, for the simple reason that the little creature could not utter a sound of any kind. She could only rush at her friend and fold her in her arms, and kiss her on both cheeks. But all at once she found her voice, and then what laughing and crying, what exclamations! And with what triumph did she in her turn produce from under her cape a little bundle carefully enveloped in tissue paper, which, on being unfolded, proved to be a very marvel of a silk blouse! It was of the brightest pink—she knew that Mademoiselle had a weakness for pink—and was tastefully adorned with brown bows. Mademoiselle ecstatically pronounced it to be of the last *chic*, and immediately held it up to her face that her friend might see how well it became her. The effect was, in truth, to make her complexion a shade more lemon-colored than usual; but Fräulein contemplated her with entire satisfaction, and announced that it suited her to perfection. Mademoiselle declared herself, in tremulous tones, to be quite overcome at Fräulein's generosity; as a matter of fact, that blouse was a very expensive affair—it had cost rather more than ten shillings. A certain postal order which had been long laid by had been recently cashed with a joyful heart.

So the pair sat down, one on each side of the tree, and Mademoiselle's

good things were duly appreciated; and there was much talk and laughter, and the lop-sided candles seemed to burn more and more brightly, and the little *Christ-kindchen* looked very benign. In the whole of England was merry-mak-

Longman's Magazine.

ing and feasting that blessed Christmas night; but perhaps no corner of it was more cheerful than the garret where the two little aliens rejoiced together.

M. E. Francis.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. LECKY.

Mr. Lecky was a year my senior at the University so that we never met at any of the lectures, and it was some time before we became acquainted. Lecky did not belong to the set known as "reading men." He never aspired to college honors, and he got through the ordinary examinations with a very moderate amount of application. He took life easily enough at that time, and the passion for really hard work grew gradually upon him in after life. In the morning there were the usual lectures to attend which called for no extraordinary effort: in the afternoon he very often went to Kingstown to take long solitary walks on the West Pier. But the afternoons were very short on account of the early hour of dinner, which was then five o'clock. College time was, however, for some inscrutable and perhaps symbolical reason, kept a quarter of an hour slow, which allowed a little longer. There remained an extremely long evening, and it was a common habit for men to meet in each other's rooms for wine or stronger beverages, which no doubt often led to much abuse. The evenings spent with Lecky were most enjoyable, and the recollection of them must linger in the memory of the few who still survive to remember them. He rarely asked more than one or two at a time, and the number to whom he extended the privilege was never large. Many of the friends he made in the Historical Society lived out of college,

and they were not available at that hour. After wine he insisted on having tea and bread and butter, which was the signal for the fiercer spirits to retire; the conversation was, however, sometimes too good to be broken up even by the simmering of the kettle.

The after-dinner wine even when prolonged to tea never lasted very long, and then Lecky began his reading, which often lasted for several hours before going to bed. In the morning, too, the simple college breakfast, in an armchair over the fire in his own rooms, was a leisurely meal with books scattered about generally on the floor. He used to say that in the morning, and especially while shaving, his ideas flowed the fastest, and he jokingly attributed the stolidity of some of his friends to the fashion of allowing the beard to grow.

Lecky's education was rather desultory. He had been to Cheltenham College, and apparently to Armagh, and he had passed a good deal of time abroad. From these various sources he brought with him a sufficient knowledge of Greek and Latin to pass the ordinary examinations creditably, and without requiring to have recourse to a "gerund grinder." He was classed both at the "Little Go" and the Degree examinations, appearing high up in the third class on the former occasion, and first of the second on the latter. He never aspired to become a Don and he had no special aptitude for acquiring

languages. If he had applied himself with the industry necessary to take classical honors, it could only have been at the expense of other departments of knowledge which he found at the time far more attractive. No doubt, if he could have foreseen the direction his life was afterwards to take, he might have bestowed more attention upon the subject, and he sometimes regretted he could not speak Latin with the fluency of some of the foreigners he afterwards met, who had been brought up in continental seminaries, but his knowledge was fully equal to that of other men of his standing who were not specially destined for the work of tuition. His reading in classical literature was, however, at that time limited chiefly to the books set in the course, and it was not till later in life that he made up the deficiency. He always detested mathematics, and even confessed to a difficulty in understanding the mysteries of geometry. He never applied himself to the natural sciences, although he had a taste for collecting geological specimens. It is more singular that when at the University he did not take any special interest in moral philosophy or political science, both of which subjects occupied his mind very soon after he left. The only college honor he ever competed for was the Premium in Rhetoric and English Literature, which he won in 1858. It did not, however, add to his reputation, for he only obtained the fourth prize, though, for special knowledge of the subject, apart from "cram," he had probably no equal among the undergraduates. He had, indeed, very little aptitude for any of the usual academic studies or competitions. He used to say that he was always looked upon as "the fool of the family," and he maintained that, being the eldest son, he was fully entitled to the distinction. One of the great advantages of his desultory train-

ing was the knowledge he acquired of French, which he read as fluently as English, an accomplishment by no means common forty years ago among young men of eighteen. It afforded him the opportunity of enlarging his sympathies by the study of foreign literature, and he very early developed a passion for reading the best known writers in English and French. As was natural to one of his poetical temperament, he was well read in the poetry of both countries, and there is abundant evidence from his own early poems that Shelley was among his chief favorites. But in college his main enthusiasm was directed to the literature and politics of Ireland. He studied the speeches of the principal orators, and could repeat, by heart, many passages from them; he was thoroughly acquainted with the history, and especially with the "wrongs," of the country; he was saturated with the writings and poetry of the "patriotic" party, and he looked upon a Junior Fellow, who was the author of *Who Fears to Speak of Ninety-eight*, with feelings of unbounded admiration. Patriotism seemed to be, then, his one absorbing passion; it found expression in his earliest poetry and formed the subject of much of his conversation. We suspect that the material for the *Leaders of Public Opinion* was collected at this period, and, probably, the essays themselves were outlined if not actually written. As a boy he had lived at Bushey Park, adjoining "Tinnehinch," the property bestowed on Grattan, the greatest of the Leaders, and this circumstance may have been the source of his patriotic inspiration.

Lecky gained his chief distinction, while in college, by the brilliancy of his speeches at the Historical Debating Society. The unbroken flow of Irish speakers cannot fail to astonish and bewilder those who are accustomed only to English methods of oratory; and who

may have listened, with some anxiety as to the result, while even a Cabinet Minister "hums and haws" and pauses for the words he requires to express his ideas. There were several men in the Historical at that time who possessed this remarkable gift of fluency, but none of them ever approached Lecky in the rapid unbroken flow of words. There was here no apprehension of any breakdown—the only apprehension was that the torrent might never cease. There was something, too, in the long sweep of the arms and the upturned pose of the head that suggested a natural inspiration, as if the words were bubbling up spontaneously and the speaker, himself, was powerless to stop the flow. Yet the speeches were always carefully prepared during long walks on the West Pier at Kingstown, though they were not committed to memory. A few notes on a slip of paper about two inches long, and about one wide, crumpled up in the waistcoat pocket, were all he carried to remind him of the points in the subject. The language was always admirable, rising at times to a high pitch of eloquence, perhaps occasionally a little too ornate, but producing a distinct thrill through the audience. It was said sometimes that the matter was more emotional than argumentative; but those who had to reply found the task by no means an easy one. His extraordinary and irrepressible fluency amounted to a distinct defect, however inconceivable that may appear to an Englishman; and, probably later in life, it marred his success as a Parliamentary speaker. He complained that no reporter could keep pace with him, and probably the intellect of the average member was not more nimble. Whether he could ever have become a great platform or Parliamentary speaker is doubtful. His tall and striking appearance was in his favor, and care and training might

have modified the peculiarity of his gesture; it was, probably, not beyond the limits of possibility to check the exuberance of speech; but unfortunately his voice was deficient in compass and melody. There can be little doubt that for a long time his chief ambition was to become a great orator. His library was full of the speeches of the Irish orators. He rushed off every Sunday morning after chapel to hear Dr. Gregg (afterwards the Bishop of Cork), who was then considered the greatest pulpit orator in Dublin. Whenever Whiteside, who had a similar reputation at the Bar, was to be heard, Lecky might usually be seen an admiring listener. He frequently practised extemporaneous speaking to himself in his own rooms, and no honor he received was so highly prized as the gold medal of the Historical Society. Unfortunately he had not sufficient family interest to hope for an early seat in Parliament; he never seems to have thought of going to the Bar; and there was a family living which ultimately threatened to engulf him.

For two years before he left college he was a student in the Divinity School, preparing for what was considered at that time to be his final destination. This gave a new direction to his reading, though I do not recollect that it sensibly altered the turn of his conversation. As the event proved, however, the subject of theology took a very strong hold upon his mind, and for a long time it occupied a large share of his thoughts. It was the subject of his first published book, and, indeed, he was chiefly occupied with it in various forms till after the publication of his *History of Morals* in 1869, nearly ten years later. He was never infected by the narrow sectarian bigotry, which prevailed at that time in Ireland, an advantage he derived from having spent so much of his early life

abroad and at school in England, and from having read so widely in English and French literature. He accordingly came to the study of theology with a far broader mind than was generally to be found among his fellow students or even among the professors. He could never understand the extraordinary intolerance towards Catholics and Catholicism which was the prevailing note of Irish Protestant society, and which arose, perhaps, as much from political as religious causes. He could never resist going to listen to an orator, no matter to what school he belonged, and he excited some little scandal by occasionally attending the Catholic University chapel in Stephen's Green, where Dr. Anderdon, who had some feeble claim to that distinction, might then be heard. The possession of a Douay Bible also caused a painful impression. It was the time of the Oxford movement, and he was known to read and admire Dr. Newman. One of his own most intimate friends threw up a scholarship and joined the Roman Communion, and some began to fear that Lecky would also be lost to the enemy. He had, indeed, an inveterate habit, which exposed him to a great deal of misunderstanding, of defending in conversation whatever position happened to be attacked. If he found himself face to face with a vehement Protestant, he would mildly but, sometimes with very inconvenient cogency, represent what might be said on the other side. An hour afterwards a friend, tending to Catholicism, would be disconcerted to find him arguing no less eloquently on the Protestant side. This power of realizing the full force of two, or even more sides, of the same question, may be clearly seen in the *Religious Tendencies*, and it was perhaps strengthened by his oratorical training, where it is necessary for an effective reply, to study the opponent's side with equal care to his own. These discussions

were always conducted on his side, at least, with the utmost reverence, and if they threatened to pass the proper bounds, he at once diverted the conversation into other channels. It must not be thought that he was without settled convictions of his own; for the *Religious Tendencies* show clearly enough that he had thought out very definite opinions for himself. He was always distinguished by the most unaffected and transparent goodness of character, but he never belonged to the "serious set." He seemed to be less accessible to the emotional element in religion than to its intellectual and practical aspects. It would be impossible to imagine him ever taking part in a revivalist meeting or sharing even in any of the less hysterical manifestations of the same spirit.

Lecky celebrated his majority by printing a volume of poetry entitled *Friendship and Other Poems*, 1859; and he continued throughout life "in many years and in many moods" to add to their number.

His volume of poetry was followed a year later by his first published work, *The Religious Tendencies of the Age*, which thus made its appearance when he had just reached the age of twenty-two. In it, he passed in review, the leading features of Catholicism, Tractarianism, and Latitudinarianism, but his principal object was to determine the legitimate sphere of private judgment and the limitations that should be imposed upon its exercise. Evangelical Protestantism thus found itself classed in the somewhat uncongenial company of Latitudinarianism. His chapter on Catholicism shows how profoundly he had entered into its spirit and how powerfully he felt its fascination. He recurs to the subject again and again. His most eloquent pages are devoted to the defence of its doctrines, to the description of its ceremonies and to an appreciation of its

vast services to religion in the past and present. He considered that it was the best and, indeed, the only practicable form of religion for the ages preceding the invention of printing, and that it is so still for the imaginative races of the South. He considered that a mixture of error was inseparable from the weakness of our faculties. Truth, no doubt, there was, but, like the light of the sun, it could only be looked upon through the darkened medium of error, and he went so far as to say that Catholicism as expounded by a Bossuet, a Fénelon, or a Thomas à Kempis was not inferior to Protestantism, "its errors are in most respects trivial and unimportant." He argues with such force against the right of private judgment that we might almost fancy he was on the point of renouncing it. His treatment of the High Church party was much less sympathetic. It reckoned, he says, "in its ranks many well-read students of antiquity and multitudes of young ladies," but "its position was clearly anomalous"—it appealed to an authority superior to that of private judgment, which could only be found in the Church of Rome. But, notwithstanding the spell that Catholicism exercised over his imagination it does not appear that it ever entered his mind at any time to join its fold. His education had given him too clear an appreciation of the other side of the question. Its doctrines may have presented little more difficulty to his mind than those of them which are retained by the Protestant churches; but he saw clearly enough that history and Liberal principles were alike fatal to its claims. Protestantism, in some form, he recognized to be the necessary result of the more general spread of culture that followed the invention of printing and better suited to the argumentative and independent people of the North. But his defence of the Protestant position strikes the reader as feeble and half-

hearted in comparison. Lecky, however, shows with unanswerable force that it is impossible to surrender the right of private judgment except by an initial exercise of that right. "A critical spirit must be called forth to sign its own death warrant," and "the existence of an infallible Church can never be infallibly ascertained." The question then arises, What is to be done with this right of private judgment, and how far is it to carry us? Lecky took up a position of absolute orthodoxy with reference to the main issue involved. "Upon the one hand," he writes, "nothing seems more certain than that Christianity is true: upon the other nothing more uncertain than what Christianity is." He considered that the historical evidence for its truth was conclusive and irrefragable; and that there were a few cardinal doctrines which all candid men must acknowledge to be found in Scripture. His enumeration of cardinal doctrines was, however, still, very comprehensive, and many a modern clergyman would probably find them rather more than the feeble digestion of later times could easily assimilate. The book was, certainly, a remarkable performance to be published by a young man of twenty-two. Many of the excellences that distinguished his later writings had been already acquired. We may remark the same power of marshalling facts and arguments, of throwing himself into the feelings of other men and other ages, of lucid and eloquent exposition. The writing, as was natural at that time of life, is occasionally too ornate and declamatory; but these were defects, which, unlike the rapidity of his oratory, he afterwards corrected. With this exception his later style is already formed.

The *Religious Tendencies* was the present with which he took leave of his college and friends. In July he gave up his rooms and resumed his wanderings abroad. His letters testify to the weariness theological discus-

sions caused him; he was quite satisfied with the orthodox citadel he had reared for himself; he looked forward to inhabiting it in peace; and he hoped he would never again require to investigate its foundations. He seemed to regard his digression into the field of theology as something of an episode: it grew out of his enforced studies in the Divinity school and the necessity of clearing up his position with regard to the family living. He was gratified to be able to return to those literary and historical subjects which had originally engrossed his thoughts; and the result of his recovered freedom was the *Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland*, which appeared the year after (1861). It was reprinted with considerable additions in 1871, and again in 1903. But the alterations in the *Lives* are chiefly in the way of expansion, the most notable instance of this being in the *Life of O'Connell*, which, in the last edition, fills a whole octavo volume. It is very interesting to compare the various editions and observe how little the opinions have undergone modification, and how much of the original writing has been preserved unaltered. One change however, deserves to be mentioned: the omission in the later editions of the original preface and the last chapter on "Clerical Influences." It was to these that the Home Rulers of later times were so fond of appealing as proof that Lecky was on their side. To some extent, indeed, this was the case, and, if Home Rule had come forward under different auspices as the desire of a united Ireland and not merely of a predatory section, it is not unlikely that Lecky might have been found among its advocates. The object of the *Leaders* was to show how political opinion had arisen under guidance of the eminent men whose lives he narrates, and how, after O'Connell, it had degenerated simply into religious faction. At the time he wrote, a national party had ceased to exist, the entire energies of the people were expended

upon sectarian controversy—the ceaseless conflict between Catholic and Protestant—which had become "the master curse" of Ireland. Indeed, he observes that "if the whole people were converted to Mohammedanism nine-tenths of the present obstacles to the prosperity of the country would be removed." He saw that the bitterness was kept alive partly by the false position of the Protestant Church, which "seems doomed to a hopeless unpopularity," and which was, in fact, soon after disestablished, partly by the conduct of the Catholic clergy, who labor industriously to prevent the "Roman Catholic from mingling with the Protestant." There must be, he says, "either a complete fusion of the people of Ireland with the people of England or else the creation of a healthy national feeling in Ireland, uniting its various classes and giving a definite character to its policy." The policy of a United Ireland would gravitate, he thinks, to "the recognition of their country as a distinct and independent nationality connected with England by the Crown." The revival of a National Legislature would restore a healthy political life, which would gradually absorb and dissipate sectarian divisions. He anticipated that the measure would be followed by the internal prosperity of the country and by the growth of loyalty to the crown, which would remove the greatest of the difficulties and dangers of England. So far we seem to be pretty much in the position of the Home Ruler, who, it must be recollected, had not yet come into existence. But, Lecky had an entirely different idea of the Home Rule which was to produce these happy effects. It was to come as the demand of a united and loyal Ireland, of Protestant as well as Catholic, of the landed gentry as well as the masses of the people. Without this union "her powers would be, at once, an evil to herself and to England, her independence

would be the dismemberment of the Empire." These words of a "Young Irishman" forty years ago should not be forgotten in the days to come. We are here met, however, with an obvious difficulty: on the one hand a general reconciliation of sects and parties is required to precede the concession of a national Legislature; on the other the existence of a national Legislature is regarded as an essential preliminary to the reconciliation. Lecky appears to have found the solution in the confident expectation of "the advent of a great political leader," who would subdue "the waves of sectarian strife," and accomplish the reconciliation which could then be left to the Legislative Assembly to consolidate and perpetuate. As a matter of fact, "a great political leader" did, soon after, arise, but he bore little resemblance to the predicted Messiah. He partially succeeded, it is true, in secularizing the interests of Irish politics—the old conflict between Protestants and Catholics was, for a time, partly veiled, if not essentially changed, by assuming the form of a conflict between landlords and tenants; and the result, so far, appears to be that one element in the strife is now on the point of extinction, by the elimination of the landlord; and perhaps the elimination of the Protestant may follow the introduction of the new schemes of education. But, we fear, the last essential condition for the realization of the patriotic vision will be farther removed than ever, if it has still to wait for a spontaneous outburst of loyalty to England.

Probably no career would have so thoroughly realized Lecky's own ambition as to have become, himself, the great political leader of his youthful dreams. If he had gone straight into Parliament from the University, or, even after he had finished the *History of Morals* (1869), when he was still a young man of thirty, it is likely that the whole current of his later life would have been entirely different. How far

he might have gone it is impossible now to estimate. Recent experience has shown that a strenuous and fearless nature may be concealed beneath an outer semblance of a gentle and even feminine manner; and that a great party can be led and controlled by charm of character quite as much as by any more visible manifestations of its force. The weakness of Lecky's voice would, no doubt, have always prevented him from becoming a platform speaker, but there is no reason to suppose that it would have been beyond his power in early life to learn to speak sufficiently slowly to suit the intelligence of the House of Commons. He had many of the qualifications that were calculated to fascinate the Irish people: the same poetical and emotional temperament, the same tendency to run off into superlatives, a ready flow of humor, and, in youth, at least, a buoyant disposition kindled and sustained by strong enthusiasm. If it had ever been possible to fuse the two contending factions into a single patriotic party, few men, it might be thought, were better qualified to succeed in the task. His sympathies were enlisted about equally on both sides; his Nationalist aspirations were quite on a level with any that were then before the public, if, indeed, they did not outrun them. In 1864 he could say that he and Lady Wilde were "the only living specimens of that almost extinct species 'the Young Irishman.' " It is true he was a Protestant, but he had given an early proof that his Protestantism was deprived of its sting; and the political leader who was so soon to fill the vacant place was also a Protestant and a landlord like himself. If Lecky, instead of Parnell, had managed to gain the ear of the Irish people the whole course of recent history would have been changed. Ireland would have been drawn perceptibly nearer the reconciliation of that internal strife which is the chief obstacle to the realization of her patriotic

dreams, and a great English party would have escaped the impotence of disruption. But if he was unable to assume "the mantle of Grattan," there is a passage at the end of the *Leaders* which sufficiently indicates the course he then intended to pursue. "The task of Irish writers," he said, "is a simple if not a very hopeful one. It is to defend the character of the nation—to endeavor to lead back public opinion to those liberal and progressive principles from which, under priestly guidance, it has so lamentably aberrated." Unfortunately other matters of more pressing temporary importance unexpectedly intervened that absorbed his energies for the first few years of his life.

As soon as the *Leaders* was published (July 1861) he went abroad again and passed the autumn travelling in the Pyrenees with a volume of Spinoza in his pocket. When at Pau he obtained his first glimpse of Buckle's *History of Civilization*, a book that filled his thoughts for many months to come. It was then more than a year since the *Religious Tendencies* had been published, and Lecky was now beginning to feel that it could not remain the final expression of his opinions on the subject. The whole current of modern thought was perpetually streaming through his active brain, and he could not remain unaffected by it. He had vindicated the absolute right of private judgment, and it might be reasonably expected that some, at least, of his early opinions would not permanently withstand its dissolving power. In the beginning of 1861 he had postponed, but not abandoned, the idea of going into the Church; by the end of the year he had finally decided not to take that step. It does not appear, indeed, that he had ever looked forward to the clerical life except as a vague possibility arising more from the accidental circumstance that he could obtain presentation to a family living, than from any deliberate

choice on his own part. He was always distinguished by the most transparent excellence of character, by a kindness of disposition, and a zeal for doing good, that seemed to mark him out as specially qualified for the Christian ministry. He had declared that the position of a clergyman was, "in theory at least, one of the most beautiful that can be conceived," though his sympathy with many of the occupants of that office was much less emphatic. He did not, however, impress his friends with the conviction that he felt any special "call" in that direction. The turn of his mind was, as has been said, more towards politics and literature. He never attempted to conceal that he was animated by strong ambition, and it is possible he recognized that a country living scarcely afforded the scope he required for its exercise. He was fortunately independent of professional gain, and the question was simply where he could find the most congenial sphere of usefulness. He never had any inclination for the life and pursuits of a country gentleman; but he was early struck with "Carlyle saying that literature is the one modern Church"; and although he could not now address a few graziers and peasants from the pulpit of a country church, he was not without the assurance of his friends that the time would surely come when he would speak to the world from a loftier tribune. In the spring of 1862, after a passing moment of discouragement, he had already sketched out the lines his next book was to follow. It was necessary, he said, to approach theology through history, to study the circumstances under which its opinions take their rise, flourish, and decline; and we find that in March he had already entered upon the study of one branch of this subject, that of witchcraft. When at Kingstown in the following summer, he had written a good deal of the first chapter of the *History of Rationalism*. But it was not

till a year later (June 1863) when he had just reached twenty-five years of age, that he printed, but did not publish, a slim volume on the *Declining Sense of the Miraculous*, a title which indicated an important relaxation in the rigidity of his original position. This essay was reprinted, with a few unimportant omissions, in 1865, where it forms the first two chapters of the *History of Rationalism*. Four years later (1869) the publication of the *History of European Morals* completed his survey of religious and ethical subjects. No sooner had he recovered from the exhaustion that followed the publication of his *History of Morals* (1869) than he returned to the subjects that were always nearest his heart. In 1870-71 he devoted seven months or more to a complete revision of the *Leaders*, which he considered he had made an entirely new book; and he had already begun to collect materials for the great work of his life—the *History of the Eighteenth Century*. There is little doubt that he took up this subject principally on account of the opportunity it would afford him of dealing at length with the affairs of Ireland. He knew that a history of Ireland alone might fall as flat as the *Leaders* had done, for the sympathies of Englishmen are not easily directed to that subject; but he felt that if he could first enlist their interest in their own affairs he might be able to lead them on, imperceptibly, to the study of the affairs of Ireland. It was his aim to give a detailed account of Irish history during its most eventful years; to present an absolutely impartial account of transactions that were hitherto imperfectly known; and which, so far as they were known, he considered had been greatly and even wilfully misrepresented; above all, to defend the character of the Irish people against the ignorant and almost scornful depreciation to which they had been so long exposed, and which had

contributed, as much as any other cause, to alienate the two nations. No portion of his subject stimulated him in an equal degree; he spent months in the uncongenial atmosphere of the Dublin Record Office, tolling through the manuscript correspondence. He even sacrificed the artistic effect of his history by the disproportionate length of his Irish chapters. His charity and toleration were never put to so severe a strain as when speaking of another great historian whose views upon this subject were profoundly and irreconcilably opposed to his own. Indeed, the extreme inflammability of Irish politics is nowhere more apparent than in the fierce fire it kindled even in so gentle a nature. His chapter on Clerical Influences, in the original edition of the *Leaders*, is characterized by a violence of expression entirely foreign to his usual manner. The comparison of this early performance with the Introduction to the edition of 1871, which partly replaces it, will afford an interesting study, showing the immense strides made in the interval of ten years in sobriety of thought and diction.

It was, perhaps, a misfortune that he did not obtain a seat in Parliament when he had finished his *History of Morals*. At the age of thirty-one he was not yet too old to begin a political career which might possibly have been of the greatest service to the country. At the time of the Home Rule agitation he threw the whole weight of his great authority against that measure. When his early writings were appealed to by the party of disruption he defended himself against the charge of inconsistency, and his attitude helped to save his country from the appalling disaster that threatened it. At length, in 1895, he was returned to Parliament for the University of Dublin at the mature age of fifty-seven. A report was spread that he had not preserved sufficient of his early opinions

to provide decent apparel for a representative of the Irish clergy. The report was based more upon what was supposed to be the tendency of his writings than upon any distinct expression of opinion; and when his clerical opponents came to examine the very ample materials afforded by his published works they found it impossible to maintain the charge. Lecky steadfastly refused to make any confession of faith beyond the statement that he had been brought up as a member of the English Church, and had never dissolved the connection. An amiable clergyman vouched that on one occasion he had himself observed the great historian on his way to a church at Bray, just like any other simple-minded Christian, and the subject was allowed to drop. It was not a little amusing, however, to see one of the most enlightened men of the day the chosen representative of the Irish clergy. Some of them never appear to have even heard of him before his candidature was announced, and they had some difficulty in believing that the bland English-speaking gentleman before them was, really, one of their own countrymen. They never seem to have suspected the honor he would confer upon them by consenting to become their representative. No doubt his first election was carried chiefly by the lay vote and by graduates settled in England; and it was not till later that the denser masses of the clergy became dimly conscious that they had found a representative of exceptional distinction and weight. He had then, however, arrived at an age when it was impossible to begin a new career. He, however, spoke on many important measures affecting Ireland, and he found that he could always command the ear of the House; but the time had long gone by when he could hope to acquire a prominent position as a politician. Unfortunately a premature failure of health soon forced him into retirement.

It would be a complete mistake to suppose that Lecky, as a young man, was wholly absorbed in books to the neglect of other sources of enjoyment. Next after books he ranked the pleasure of travelling. As a poet he delighted in *natural beauty*, and Naples, beyond any other place, excited his unbounded admiration. He was scarcely less enthusiastic about pictures, and he was never happier than in the galleries and churches of Italy. He went frequently to the theatre when abroad, and delighted in the acting of Ristori, and even in the dancing of Taglioni.

It cannot be said that in early life he was much disposed to society. He kept very much to himself and to a few friends whom he saw pretty often. It was one of his objections to living at home that he could not well avoid being dragged into general society. He was disposed to be shy and nervous, and he looked forward to a dinner-party with some perturbation. A love of society was in his case an acquired taste, and probably at first not very easily acquired. If he had been condemned to endure only the infliction of the commonplace society, which is the usual fate of ordinary people, he might have shrunk more and more into a recluse; but the sudden and extraordinary success of *Rationalism* saved him from this peril. As author of the book of the season he found the way opened to the best society in London. In the autumn of 1866 he took chambers in Albemarle Street, and was soon afterwards elected to the Athenæum under the special rule that admits men of unusual merit without long years of waiting. He then began to go about a good deal and became acquainted with most people who were worth knowing.

Till his marriage in 1871 he lived a great deal in hotels; a mode of life that would seem to present almost insuperable obstacles to regular study—and it is wonderful that the *Rationalism* should have been wholly and the *Morals* chiefly written under such con-

ditions. Even after he took chambers he remained only a few months in each year in London; and was never so well pleased as when he could get back to hotel life.

Among his contemporaries at the University there were many who were much better scholars, and some who had more varied attainments, and a few, perhaps, of more intellectual force; but Lecky alone conveyed the impression of being endowed with the rare spark of genius, which made him seem to stand quite apart from all the others. This distinction does not admit of description, and perhaps it became less marked in later years. In middle life, when he was well advanced in his *History*, his mere intellectual power surprised those who had known him in youth. Even his appearance underwent a change. The head appeared to have grown broader and more massive. That this is no mere fancy will be seen by comparing the photograph taken by Mrs. Cameron in 1868 with those of later years. Indeed, few men ever varied so much at different periods. Some of the photographs shown in shop windows are scarcely recognizable to those who saw him only at long intervals. His manner, too, became graver and more collected. He spoke more of the possibilities of life and less of its ideals. He seemed to be endeavoring, somewhat painfully, to train himself down to the level of the practical politician. He became vastly more prosaic. He visited less frequently the countries which had been the nurseries of his early enthusiasms. He became more matter of fact and Teutonic. It seemed as though the friction of London society was slowly affecting his Celtic nature. The spontaneity of genius which, during youth and early manhood, made him an entirely exceptional personality, receded, as it were, behind the growing prominence of purely intellectual ability. His brightness seemed to be shadowed by passing clouds of melan-

choly, as though he had begun to feel the aimlessness of life and the vanity of endeavor. There can be little doubt that at some periods of his life he suffered from the strain of overwork. He was never strong, and his letters contain many references to times of weakness and ill-health. The completion of his work on *Morals* was followed by a period of evident exhaustion; and quite late in life it seemed as if attendance in Parliament, combined with his other work, produced an undue nervous tension. But from early manhood his life was governed by an imperious sense of duty. He became deeply conscious of the obligation to develop his many talents to their fullest extent and to use them for the benefit of other people. Under its influence the easy and somewhat dilettante youth became for the first time a real hard worker. He strenuously directed his efforts to definite objects; he restrained his nomadic instincts and settled down in London chambers, which he at first detested. This overmastering sense of duty continued constantly to gain strength, and it may, perhaps, have induced in the end a certain intolerance for those whose aims were less serious than his own, or whose efforts were less sustained. It may have occasioned a certain lack of sympathy for the foibles and failings of weaker mortals. From early college days down to the last he was always charming in conversation, brimful of anecdotes, told without a tinge of malice but with a keen sense of humor. He was always alive to the foolish or ridiculous in character or opinion, and his tongue and pen were easily edged with sarcasm. It must have been the result of no small effort that he kept both so uniformly under restraint. He was essentially a good man, always on the alert to do a kind or charitable action, and, to those whom he honored with his regard, he was the warmest, the most helpful and inspiring of friends.

A College Friend.

SOME BIG LOST NORWAY SALMON.

The narrative of a fisherman, solemnly vouched for though it may be, is not necessarily believed in even by his dearest friends, for it deals with the unknown and incapable of proof, and without altogether imputing evil motives men judge the teller of such tales harshly. The corries of the forests of Scotland lie open to the sun, and if a stalker, coming home, was to boast of having met with a stag as big as a wapiti, with a head of five and twenty points, and that beast was not seen again by other eyes, there would be a good negative proof of his non-existence, and the stalker would be set down as a liar. But a great river is a mystery, and hides many secrets in its depths. It is often the abiding-place for months of huge fish which may never be seen; they come occasionally to the surface, but perhaps at a time when only the trees and ferns and insects are spectators. Now and then an out-of-the-way monster is captured whose presence has never been suspected, but who shows plainly by shape and color how long he has made the river his home. Or it may chance—and this, I think, often happens with big fish—that he stays too long in the fresh water, and gets caught in the ice, and so a ponderous decaying carcase first shows riverside men the creature which had been sagacious enough to avoid having anything to do with them. The water, after it closes over a fish, tells no tale; nothing is more substantial and solid than a salmon in the grip of a steel-yard; nothing more delusive and shadowy and intangible than one whose connection with you is broken.

So—though I write this melancholy paper with all the honesty of which I am capable—I hardly expect to be able to make others see matters as I saw

them, or to convince sceptical people that due allowance must not, here also, be made for fisherman's tales.

In the Julys of 1902-3 we, a party of three, sometimes four, rods, fished a Norway river, and we captured in the two months a hundred and sixteen salmon, running up to 43 lb., and with an average weight of 18½ lb. The walls of the smoking-room and dining-room of the lodge were ornamented with the carefully traced-out likenesses of many fish over 40 lb.; fish as big as 45 lb. caught with a fly, up to 56 lb. caught by spoon or prawn. Everything in the world is relative, and this is curiously so with fishing. An angler sallies forth along the pleasant river-banks, "among pale gander-grass and azure culver-keyes," and catches a number of quarter-of-a-pound trout, and one something over the pound, and comes home happy and contented. Or he fishes a river where salmon average 8 to 10 lb., and gets one double the usual weight. Our sport was good, but we went out one year with a soldier who pushed a week further north than we did and got a hundred salmon to his own rod in six weeks, several of which were over 40 lb.—one 48. And, to finish this comparison of sport, I read a few days ago an account of what seemed to be almost a pathetic contest; where some scores of working men met in an angling competition in England, and the first prize was gained by one who had secured for his long day's work some 4 ounces of fish: the fifth winner had, I think, his catch recorded in decimals of an ounce. We often got sea-trout on our big salmon-flies: they were fine bold fish, averaging 3 lb., with an occasional big one; but they gave us no satisfaction here, for they often took the fly just as it swung over a place where it might have been taken by a

salmon, and so they were dragged in at once with the strong tackle, and ignominiously handlined by the men, and jumped ashore or into the boat as if they had been burn-trout. We were not at the top of the tree, nor yet at the bottom, but fairly well up in its pleasant branches, and we were happy on our river, and contented with our lot—contented, that is to say, in a general way, for there were times when anything approaching such a virtue was far from some of us, and never farther than one dull evening when I, having lost a very heavy fish after a long hunt, came home full of sorrow and found that an old friend and brother angler had just ended a wild chase over a difficult country and been finally broken before he reached the impassable blockade of a bridge.

Some three or four years ago another friend fishing in a certain pool of this river hooked a big salmon in heavy water which finally went down, and, it being very difficult if not impossible to follow, he got broken. Then the trees along the bank were cut. This year this man's brother got smashed, as I have said, above the bridge, and next day we brought a boat down and moored it at a "ness" above where the catastrophe happened, so that, supposing a wild fish took the same course again, there would be some chance of following him for an extra 200 yards or so. Some chance, certainly. I do not know what the other members of our community thought, as they looked at that boat and then at the deep heavy water racing past it down to the six-arched wooden bridge. In the state the river was in then I doubt if our splendid boatmen would have been able to do anything: the difficulties at the "ness" above were, I felt in my heart, pretty sure to be very much more complicated by greater difficulties at the bridge. To hit off the same narrow arch through which the fish went, and go through it without smashing

the boat against one or other of the piers, and then find yourself still joined on to the salmon in the comparative calm of the pool below, seemed as if it would be too great a combination of good luck for poor mortals to expect. We thought the only way would be to let the fish away with a great length of line, and then follow the track when we saw which arch he was making for, but all control of him would certainly be lost in that rapid passage. This was when the river was big. It fell to me later on, when the water had fallen a foot or eighteen inches, to have a brisk run with a 20-pounder down to this very boat, and as he was determined we took to the boat, and landed him on the opposite side above the bridge. But this was then a perfectly safe though troublesome proceeding.

On the night when the double defeat just mentioned took place, I hooked a big fish with spoon, and there is nothing sensational to relate about the fight which then took place. He crossed over to the far side of a strong wide stream, and went down the river with a longer line out than was desirable; but there was no difficulty in following him, and keeping fairly well abreast of him, and knowing the water which lay below us we had high hopes of landing him. But the hooks had not enough grip; the heavy strain probably cut the hold, and after going down some 500 or 600 yards the spoon came quietly away. I had him on long enough to know that he was a very good salmon, but we never saw him. This was a great disappointment, and it was with a despondent mind that I tramped up again, and fished a long, awkward, bank-protected place which occasionally gives a great reward but oftener nothing. My brother-in-law's fight had been of a much more stirring kind. From the platform where he rose the fish to the next pool are some 200 or 300 yards of rapid water and

wooded banks but these are easily negotiable by an active man. Then a duck of the rod at the right angle to get under a wire rope, and you are arrived at a pool with a good backwater in it, where many salmon get gaffed. But the river was very big that day, and the fish, though he stayed there some time, and even let his pursuers see the top of the casting line, would have none of the gaffing-place. Then follows a country which tries a man now if he has to go over it quickly, but was much worse that day before certain trees and branches were cut. The bank is steep and high and wooded in places, and you have to go up and down deep hollows in it, now in the river and now on land, ever holding well up a heavy rod, and knowing that if you give any slack you give it at your peril. A long bit of marshy ground follows, with a "ness" at the low end, and a quick turn of the river to your side, fringed with low bushes from which your man has to fend the line with the gaff if you have much out. Next a quiet place which, as the water was that day, takes you over the waders, and a small backwater where the boat was afterwards sent. Then began the real difficulties: the bank gets steeper and more wooded; there is a steep slope, difficult to get up, and more trees, followed by an all but impossible point, where, if you got round at all, you would be over the armpits. Finally—some 200 yards below—that ominous brown bridge. Outside the backwater was running a very heavy stream.

So it can easily be seen that when a man linked to a big salmon has arrived by rapid progress down such a road as I have described to this particular haven—this backwater—he will be in a somewhat dilapidated condition, no matter how good his state of training may be: wet up to the waist (waders are a useless encumbrance at such times), the perspiration streaming off

him, his arm aching with holding up a heavy rod. One has so many things to think about at such a time. Look well to your feet on the steep bank, down which, if you once slip, you need not bother further about your salmon, and at the same time look up at the point of your rod; for with a long line out in the heavy water, especially if there is a wind blowing, you must often do that to gauge what strain you are putting on. You see to your footing when you have to enter the river; but whilst you snatch a moment to guess rather than make sure into what depth your next step is to be taken, a furious bolt of the fish almost drags the rod-top into the water, and then, whatever the consequences may be, your first care must be to get it up again.

Here came my friend that ill-omened night, hard-pressed, sweating, blowing, legs feeling sometimes strangely weak, but bravely sticking to his work, and still, so far, the victor. Past the trees, past the ness, into the backwater, out of it. "Can I get round that awful point?" Even so, the bridge is within 200 yards, and there is little chance in such a stream of being able to stop the fish above it. I think that point was then impassable—not to be got round, in hot blood or cold. The fish is far away in the deep racing stream: the backing is flying out, the reel-handle a blurred mass: if you were to touch the line now it would cut you to the very bone. Pressure on the side-plate,—more pressure, more still,—a little slacking of the whirr; the butt to the fish, the top far back over your shoulder,—a miracle if it stops him, but such have happened. The hand now on the line, tighter, tighter still; the rod bent to a circle and furiously dragged at till you feel the middle joint must go if the top stands: then a momentary and most tremendous tension, and then sudden ease: the rod flies straight.

So he was broken, the word convey-

ing in this case of course nothing of disgrace; you want a steel wire at such a crisis; something better than the entrails of a worm. We met and mourned together: my experience had been heart-breaking, though nothing to his. But my time was to come.

Two days later I started at a big deep pool, fished by casting or throwing from a boat. It was full of swirls and eddies and cross-currents, caused by the salmon-trap at the head and its approaches: these had spoilt the pool, and flies worked badly and untruly in it. One fish killed and one lost was my account here so far. Fly did as usual, nothing; but at the third or fourth cast with prawn I hooked a salmon. He gave me no time to observe the formula of letting out slack line and then striking hard: he bolted off at once, and we thought that very likely he was only lightly held and would get off. The more deliberate appropriation of a prawn promises best. The fish was far below us when he took the bait, and the line, taut for a few moments, was soon slack enough; for he came right up-stream as hard as he could go, and very much faster than I could reel up, and actually passed under the stern of the boat. Its nearness alarmed him, and he turned and went as hard down again. We saw a mighty back-fin cutting through the water like a torpedo, and for some seconds there was an appalling uncertainty as to whether he was on or off; then the half-gathered-in line was straightened and a good deal more run out. For some few minutes I had the usual pleasant give-and-take, and then he made a violent rush out of the pool and started off on what proved to be a long journey down the river. So out of rough Laxigar, with its possibly awkward stump-guarded little island at the tail, we followed in the boat with fairly comfortable minds. The trace was a very strong treble one of excellent gut; the spinning-line had just

been well tested, and found unbreakable with any reasonable strain; the hooks were big and sharp; and the water below us was of a safe and pleasant nature, with no fosses to stop us. There was no reason why, with a little care, we should not follow the fish to the fiord miles away, if he was minded to go there. We had to follow him far enough. He went in rapid and yet stately fashion through the long reach of "Church," and at the top of the next pool, "Bank," stopped in a small bit of deep water guarded, save for a narrow inlet and outlet, by shallows. The river was big that day; if it had been small very likely the fish would never have left the pool where he first met us, or leaving Laxigar, he would have probably given us an opportunity of killing him in "Church," and then this history need not have been written. But he fell under the spell of the heavy water. I had a very anxious time in that shallow protected place where he stopped. It was close to the shore; but I had to keep in the boat, for the land was an island some 200 yards long, and if I had got out and he had made up his mind to go down, he would certainly have broken me.

For a long time the fish was afraid to go down owing to the thin water and unwilling to go up, and for twenty minutes or half an hour we were practically anchored by him. He sulked in the deep hole so close that the top of the long trace was nearly always out of the water, and if, with all the strain I could put on him, he was shifted a yard or two he at once got back to his old place. The water above and below was fairly rapid, and it was not easy to hold a boat in it; but after a time my gaffer (Mons) tried it, and we got above the fish, and on the far side, and then below him. And ever as the extra strain moved him a little, and we thought he would go

down, back he went to his old quarters. He was so near that Mons could almost reach him with an oar; but the salmon paid extraordinary little attention to all the pokings and splashings which were administered to him. He stood still, or moved a yard or two, and felt as a heavy log of wood or as a water-logged cask might feel. Once I caught a glimpse of his long shadowy form, and by this time we knew we had to do with something very heavy.

At last, after making both fisherman and boatman very anxious and irritated, he worked his way out by a narrow channel into deep water, and we, rejoicing, followed him. He passed swiftly through "Bank," through "Boyces," and at the bottom of this pool we landed, and got on to ideal ground for following a big fish. For hundreds of yards the river ran now, on our side, by a smooth grassy lily-of-the-valley-covered bank, where you could go at any speed, and keep on level and equal terms with your salmon. He passed through the tail of "Boyces," and into the swiftly running but steady stream of "Cut bushes." Two hundred yards or so of this led into a pool called "Kirkelde," and at the lower end of this latter is a huge backwater, a most desirable and suitable place for landing a tired fish. We had come the best part of a mile: the long continuous strain was telling on him: he still kept well out in the stream, but his strong rushes had ceased, and as we neared a place in the bank where a few days before I had landed a 27-pounder, I thought that we might be able to doubly mark it by also getting ashore this much greater prize. But the salmon was still too strong and too far out in the stream to come in here.

And now surely never had anglers a better opportunity of gauging, before they handled, their possible prize. The short sight he gave us of him when he

passed under the boat told us little: the glimpse caught of him when sulking, nothing, but that he was big. The weight test on the arms was a very fallible one: a 30-pounder in a stream feels very heavy. But when he got into the clear smooth water above "Kirkelde" we saw him almost as plainly as if he had been on the bank. For a hundred yards or more we could see his every movement: follow the line till it went into the water and joined the trace: follow still the trace leading fair up to his mouth, so disproving what at times we had been afraid of—that he was foul-hooked. The great, pale, silvery-green, symmetrical form shone ghostly-like, but with wonderful distinctness, in the dark emerald-green water. We could see his fins working: now and then pulling impatiently, as it were, at his reins, and sometimes, turning half over, showing the ridge of his back. He might lunge about and give some trouble at the landing, but his real fighting was over: he was becoming tractable, and could be led instead of leading us.

And we began to make almost sure of him. That men who had fished for many years and quoted half a dozen sayings about premature confidence should ever allow themselves to be sure of a salmon before he was on the bank shows to what a pitch ignorance and presumption can lead mortals. We knew the strength of the tackle. We knew by this time that the fish must be well hooked: we saw ever coming nearer the calm smooth backwater into which he was to be gently and yet firmly towed, and if he should manage to struggle still farther down, we had the boat still with us, dragged behind by a keenly interested farmer, who had left his hay-making to see the sport. With audacity, which no doubt deserved punishment, we even speculated on his weight. "He is a very big fish," said Mons. "I think he is bigger than

P.'s,"—a 48-pounder which my man had gaffed the year before.

And then—without a struggle or jerk—with no extra strain put on it, the rod-top, which for the best part of an hour had formed a fair and beautiful bow, flew straight. The fish was free! So done was he that for perhaps eight or ten seconds he stood almost in the same place, giving ample time if he had been nearer the bank for an active man to run down and gaff him even yet. He stood so, almost motionless, and then slowly disappeared into deep water. The splendid trace had parted: either in the hole where he had sulked so long, or, more likely, when he made his first wild rush up-stream in Laxigar, the gut must have got a terrible rub on a rock.

So the long struggle ended. This was the greatest calamity of my fishing life—the greatest blow of the kind I have ever received. He was so very nearly ours: a great triumph was so very close.

To be suddenly divorced from a very big salmon after a long fight is—in this country at least—the greatest misfortune which can happen to a sportsman: one which admits of no hope, or possibly later victory. To miss an extremely good stag is a bitter experience, but then, before the day is over, you may get at him again in a better place, and kill him; you may come across him the next week, or the next season. But when a big fish gets off, he is to all intents and purposes lost to you for ever. In one small fraction of a second you jump from the highest hope to the blankest despair. Once in some blue moon a man may catch a fish in which the broken tackle of a previous day still remains, but the chance is not worth considering: if after an hour's fight you part company, it is as well to realize that you part company for ever. Some one, maybe in the autumn, may catch that salmon, with a great

bony hook in his lower jaw, and far gone in weight; but even if that man was you, the captured one would be far different from the splendid sea-fresh monster which triumphed over you in July.

Then came the idle, useless, miserable speculations as to weight—our gaffers were, as I have said, used to seeing big fish, and were wonderfully good judges of size, before the steelyard was applied. "I think that fish is 28 lb." "I fear he is not more than 26," and about the latter figure he was pretty sure to be. I remember one night the three men each guessed, separately, exactly the weight of a 30-pounder. But I shall be told, and of course rightly told, that for even the most experienced the guessing of the size of a salmon on the shore and in the water, no matter how clearly seen, is a very different thing. We thought our lost salmon might be caught by the netters in the still water below, or in some trap above, when, if met with soon, he would be recognizable by my tackle, and in that case I offered to buy him at market price, and pay a handsome sum in addition. But we heard and saw nothing of him, unless he was the "Stor Lax," which, a day or two afterwards, went through an angry man's net as if it had been paper, or the still greater one of which a glimpse was seen higher up the river a few days afterwards, jumping in an inaccessible hole.

A question which was in continual debate amongst us, especially when the river was big, was, How far is it possible to hold a heavy fish and keep him in a certain place when he makes up his mind to leave it? One day Sivert, and a lady fishing with him, saw a very big salmon indeed jump clean out of the water in a pool from which it is practically impossible to go down. The former—a man used to big fish all his life, and not in the least given to exag-

geration—set down this fish, which he saw very clearly, as being quite 60 lb.¹

In this particular pool we all discarded spinning-rods and light lines. I used a very powerful greenheart, with the thickest Kelson line made, and a trace which was probably as strong as the Kelson—that is, practically unbreakable. The reel was screwed up to its highest tension. Now, supposing a fish of this size was to be hooked firmly with a big fly, we had little doubt what the result would be if he put forth all his strength. The iron would be the weakest link in the chain, and it would go. But a 60-pounder is not likely to take a fly, especially in such a confused jumble of a pool as this was: supposing he took a prawn, or two prawns, rather, tied on first-rate, big, well-tempered hooks, how would the fisherman stand in the fight which would then take place? I think this would depend almost entirely on whether that fight was a long or a short one. A big fish, dealt with strongly and masterfully from the very first, often seems to lose heart, and it might be possible to swing him in within reach of the gaff before he knew he was in danger: ordinary-sized salmon in this particular pool were often so treated. The night after I wrote this, one of the two ladies of our party hooked a fish in this very pool on a strong trace and a No. 7 Durham Ranger. She was wading in fairly deep and strongly running water, and very wisely gave the rod to Sivert, her gaffer, who was standing close to her, and made the best of her way to shore. He following the fish for a few yards instead of giving it any line, hauled it almost by main force into a tiny bit of slack water, and the salmon, bewil-

dered and not realizing its position, lay here long enough for the hastily brought gaff to be exchanged for the rod, and it was got ashore in about three minutes, a fresh-run 19-pounder. Once from the Bridge of Awe, on the famous river of that name, I and a friend fishing with me saw a salmon lying in a bit of slack water some 60 yards below us, waiting to run up. We were high above it. He held the rod over the bridge, with its point perpendicularly down, and I, keeping my eye on the plainly seen 18-lb. fish, pulled out the line yard by yard till the fly, swaying about, reached it, and was promptly taken. The fish immediately ran up-stream under the bridge; we ran off it, and below, hauled it down, and it was gaffed and on the bank within three minutes by a watch. But such work as this is a happy accident; a chance, not the legitimate prolonged battle we discussed. Granted the 60-pounder, or, to make things sound more probable, a good 40-pounder, well on, deeply hooked with absolutely reliable tackle, in a small bit of comparatively calm water, and a raging torrent all round, above and below, and no possibility of following anything that goes out of it, what are you to do? It may be taken for granted that if such a fish made a determined bolt the moment he was hooked, he would have such a little way to go that he would be out of the pool and into a wild mass of white water before he could be stopped. I hooked one night in a reasonable place a small fish which did this. He made, without the delay of a second, a furious rush out into a strong stream, and went some 400 yards or so without a moment's check. I have had to do with many wild fish, both small and great, but never with

¹ A week or so after we left, a Norwegian gentleman got hold of a salmon in the river, which he lost after a three-hour

struggle, the fish going down for probably three-quarters of a mile. It was set down at 30 kilos—a good bit over 60 lb.

such a one as this, and I have never had a reel "screech"—if that is the legitimate word to use—as my reel did then. There was no difficulty in following, except a steep bit of bank to run up now and then; but the fish went so quick that he very soon completely took what I believe is called one's "first" wind, and I had no time to take in a second supply, and in a very short time I was absolutely and completely done for the time, and quite incapable of following on at all; and if my gaffer had not been close at hand to take the rod, I should have been disgracefully broken in the open, and without any excuse. In more than thirty years' fishing I have never experienced anything of this kind, and I could not—till it happened—have believed that any fish, big or small, could have made such an example of a fairly strong man in good condition. Mons had then to go at his topmost speed for a long way, and it was a day before he quite got over the pumping operation he went through. The salmon had fully 150 yards of line out when he was stopped. He only weighed 16 lb., and must, I think, have been hooked in some exceedingly tender part of his mouth. I was fishing with only ordinary strong tackle, and had no reason or object in being too hard on the salmon, but I am quite sure that if I had been armed with unbreakable stuff, and had tried to check that run, which began the instant he was hooked, something would have smashed: the rod, if gut and line and hook had all stood. And if a real monster was to play the same game, and be off at once down some water where he could not be followed, he would in a few seconds run out all the line, and break it at the reel, or cut it when so far below you. But if this big fish, instead of being in such a frantic hurry, was to hesitate, and ponder, maybe, on his position, and wonder what it was that had hold of him, and

what it was best for him to do—if he were to give you, the fisherman, even a few seconds' time, then would come your chance and opportunity. Last night—I write these notes by the river—I hooked a good fish in a deep run above another bridge, just where the water left the lake in a strong stream. The arches of this bridge were only three or four feet high, and it was impossible to get through them even without a rod, and the rock on which you stood was isolated and you could not get up to the lake, and so a fish hooked here had to be played and killed—or lost—without your being able to move. The salmon deliberated a moment or two, and let me get tight hold of him, and then tried to make a rush to get under the bridge, and I stopped him by sheer force within a couple of yards of it, and then he bolted up towards the lake, and I stopped him again. I was using the powerful, almost unbreakable, tackle described as necessary for the famous pool below, and consider that I was sure of that fish if the hold had been a good one, having twice stopped him by sheer force, and so disheartened him; but he was lightly hooked, and got off, leaping high out of the water just before his escape. He seemed to be about 25 lb.

This bridge hole was not much use to us; but two or three days later one of the ladies got hold of another fish here, and held him tight at the right time. This one was well hooked, and very likely would have been landed, but in one of his short runs he managed to get the strong reel line across a very sharp sunken rock, and it went as if it had been a bit of worsted.

When our time came for this top beat we all fished diligently for the 60-pounder with fly and prawn. The pool where he lived, or rather where his one and only appearance had taken place, was rather a troublesome one to

manage properly, for you had to stand in strong water, and casting a prawn from a salmon-rod, without a spinning-reel, is not easy for the uninitiated. The bottom was bad in places, and if the leads hung up, and a break had to be effected, that was a bit of work which required a very surprising exertion of strength indeed, and made the hauler feel that he might have a sublime confidence in his trace if he had anything on it better than a rock.

The ladies of our party were for the most part fortunate. One of them killed by fair fishing, and with no advantage given her, more fish than any one else—twenty—and the other hooked and landed the heaviest we got this year—a 34-pounder, with fly. But they had their ups and downs: a broken spoon-ring cost the first a very fine salmon, after half an hour's play in the lake, and the latter lost three fish in one night. "I am the most miserable woman in the world!" she cried to me when we met that midnight. Doubtless she considered herself so to be: she had then no hope of ever having any luck again. But two nights later she got two fish, and the next night her 34-pounder. To finish up this tale of calamities, her husband, after beginning very well, parted with a heavy fish in a pool which seldom gave anything, and the next night, when none of us had any adventures, got hold of three good salmon and lost them all.

It is not an uncommon thing to hear one say, who has lost something which it was a great trouble to him to lose, that he would have given his little finger to have got it; and many a one has honestly felt this, for example, as he helplessly watched the best stag of the season disappear unscathed over a skyline. But it is, for reasons given earlier, much more trying to lose a very big fish than a deer. As there is nothing which in a moment makes a tired,

despondent, perhaps hopeless, man suddenly become alert and keen as the hooking of a big fish, so there can be few things more appalling than the sudden losing of him when he is nearly done. There is no gradation, or slowing down, as it were: the gap is immediate and immense. He is on, and you are full of the most exhilarating hope: he is off, and with the speed of light blank misery is upon you. I do not know what the sensation of losing a fine lion would be like, except that it would certainly be an unpleasant one; but if the life of a man depended on it, it would be very much easier for him to go to Africa, and stay there till he shot a very fine lion indeed, than, in any part of the world within a given time, make sure of killing a 50-lb. salmon with rod and line. It is fortunate for our race that the rash offers to sacrifice parts of our persons which we sometimes make in emergencies are not taken literally, or we should rarely see any one keen about shooting or fishing going about unmaimed. But let no one think that the offer of sacrifice is called forth by a little thing: the sudden straightening of a rod when a 30- or even a 40-pounder gets free is a dire misfortune, though one to be got over in time; but the two or three occasions in a man's life when he is given a greater chance than this, and it does not come off, are marks by which he will sometimes measure the years.

I once lost two very heavy fish in the same week, both hooked in the "Seal" pool of the Awe. I kept a heavy strain on the first with a powerful rod for an hour, but never saw him, and then he went down and cut me on some bad rocks below. Two days later I played the second fish in the same place for nearly the same time, and then he too went down and got the line round a rock in the middle of the river. I gave the rod to the man who was with me, and climbed high up on the

hillside, and then I clearly saw the salmon, lying motionless close to the far side of the stone in a bit of quiet water. I went a hundred yards above him and waded out and worked away till by chance my line came clear, and he went on down the river; but by the time I got back to land and was able to follow on and reel in the long line which was out, he got across another of those places which in this part of the river have saved so many fishes' lives, and cut me. I saw him very plainly in the slack water by the stone, though of course not nearly so well as the lost Norway one, and I believe that these two were the heaviest salmon I have ever hooked.

Salmon naturally were to us the chief topic of conversation, as they were our chief article of food; and next to salmon we were, or I was, chiefly interested in bears. Bears are not at all plentiful in this part of Norway, yet we occasionally come within measurable distance of them. At an inn where we lunched one day, when driving to the river, we just missed seeing the skin of one which had been killed the week before. Then there was pointed out to us a place where a few years before a poor hunter had been mistaken for a bear when beating for the game, and two of his companions had fired at him as he crouched in some scrub, their bullets going through both his shoulders. The man was terribly injured, but he is still alive. A day or two later we came still nearer to a bear, for he crossed the river within half a mile of where we were staying:

about midnight two belated girls coming home saw a big animal swimming over, and did not realize till he got out of the water and shook himself what sort of a beast he was. He was traced in the morning through the fields, and within a few yards of the "Fredheim" of the village, and a feeble attempt was made to pursue him over the mountains, but no good "bear-dog" was available, and he escaped. One midnight, as we walked home to the lodge through the heavily hay-scented air, Sivert told us a grim story of long ago, which he was careful to say he did not vouch for, though he "had seen the cave." A man committed a murder, and was captured. It was in the late autumn, and the local bear had taken up his habitation in his hole for his long winter and spring slesta. The authorities, instead of executing the criminal themselves, ordained that chance should settle his fate, and not they, and put him into the cave, to keep company with its shaggy tenant, on the understanding that if he was devoured it would be well, or if, when a certain time in spring came, and he was in a condition to come out, it would be well also. So here the murderer spent the dark months; his wife brought him food and drink, and he sat, we may be sure, very quietly, and did nothing to disturb his unpleasant bedfellow, and Sivert assured us that when the sap began to run up the birches he came out unharmed.

Some of us would almost have risked a night in that cave if the doing so would have given us the great fish we had lost.

ANGLO-SAXONS AND THE BIBLE.

Among the many reports and notices of the meetings held in celebration of the centenary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, comparatively few have drawn attention to a point which surely deserves the closest and most earnest consideration. That is the importance which is attached to the work of the Society, and the help which has been given to the Society's objects, by the people of North America,—the English-speaking races of the New World. It is, of course, true that the example of the handful of Englishmen who founded the Bible Society a hundred years ago has been followed by citizens of Continental nations; there were messages of congratulation and good wishes sent to the Society on Tuesday and Wednesday, for instance, from the Bible Societies of Sweden, Prussia, Russia, and Denmark, besides addresses received from Finland, Paris, Belgium, and Italy. But the chief support which was given on Tuesday and Wednesday to the Society was, as it has always been, essentially Anglo-Saxon. The Upper Canada Bible Society, through their delegate, Dr. Hoyles, of Toronto, handed the President of the British and Foreign Bible Society a cheque for £2,000 "as a birthday gift," and expressed the hope that an additional £10,000 would be forthcoming. But it was left to the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers and the Puritans to send the Ambassador of the United States to bring a message from Mr. Roosevelt, conveying to the British and Foreign Bible Society "my hearty congratulations on their centenary, and my earnest good wishes for the continued success of their great work." It is surely a message which conveys

a far deeper meaning, and suggests far greater possibilities for the future of the great nations of the world, than might be read into it at first sight by men who are careless or merely contented.

For what has been the history of the American Bible Society, for which Mr. Choate spoke, and what is the real significance of the fact that the driving energy behind the work of the distribution of the Bible has always been Anglo-Saxon? Mr. Choate spoke with feeling of the beginnings of the infant State founded by the first British colonists in America. "They carried King James's Bible with them as their best possession, the only one of lasting value, and their only readable book. In the Bible they found not only their religion, but their literature, their biographies, their voyages and travels, and their poetry,—poetry such as no poets had since produced. The people of New England in the first generations were the most Biblical community on the face of the earth; their laws, customs, language, and habits were founded on the Bible, and they made it the sole guide of their lives." And what has been the record of "the most Biblical community on the face of the earth" during the years that have come after "the first generations"? The American Bible Society has set itself "the immense task of keeping a population of eighty millions supplied with a Bible in every home, and has also to meet the needs of eight hundred thousand immigrants coming in every year; yet it does almost as much for foreign lands as for its own country." In conclusion, Mr. Choate spoke finely of the mission of his country and ours.

"for the promotion of civilization, order, religion, peace, and duty." "He believed, and he thought the Bible Societies united in the belief, that the only sure guarantee of peace was the moral influence of public opinion. If the public opinion of each nation behind the Government was for peace, there would be no war. In this our two nations ought to set the finest examples, and he believed other nations would follow. Public opinion should be based on the Book which said nothing to the world but a message of peace and goodwill. He believed in co-operation in every possible good work between the peoples of our two countries;" and why should not that co-operation exist and work for good, he asked, when those two countries had "one God, one Bible, one language, and one destiny"?

We have quoted Mr. Choate's admirable speech at some length, as it certainly deserves to be quoted. For it supplies, surely, the most luminous of comments on the question we have asked,—What is the significance of the fact that the driving energy behind the work of the distribution of the Bible has always been Anglo-Saxon? Is not the answer that the destiny of the world is in the Anglo-Saxon hands that hold the Bible? All the great European nations, since the Middle Ages, have had the Bible to give, if they chose, to the other nations. Yet, by some ordination of the great Plan which we, "seeing through a glass darkly," can only try to understand, it has happened that the Anglo-Saxon nations have been the chosen distributors of the great Book of the world. If you are to believe in any ordered progress at all towards "the one, far-off, Divine event," must you not believe that the destinies of the world—"a swarm of ants in the light of a million million of suns"—have been purposely entrusted to the nations that read the Bible?

Of what other book can it be said that during a century there have been printed a hundred and fifty million copies in practically every language spoken by mankind. What other book puts before its readers so insistent a command, so earnestly obeyed, as that of the greatest Teacher whose voice has rung in men's ears,—"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature"? Not the devoutest follower of Mahomet, not the most pious disciple of Buddha or Confucius, could find any answer but one to that question. The conquering races of the East model their civilization on that of the Western race whose polity is broad-based upon the teaching of what they hold to be the Testament, the revealed Will of the author of the Design of which they are a part,—thereby admitting this, at least, that the Book of the West has given more to its readers than the books of the East. The Koran remains untranslated, perhaps untranslatable,—a message, it must not be doubted, of strength and power, with its own place in the great scheme of the Designer's Will as revealed to men; but not the great Message intended to lead mankind at last to the "peace which passeth all understanding," the "Sabaoth and the port of all men's labors and peregrinations."

But if it is admitted that the progress of the world is in reality written in the progress of the nations using the same Bible and worshipping the same God, yet, it has been asked, might not the Message which for three hundred years has been given to the English-speaking nations—to be translated into the languages of other countries less happy—be written more shortly, more clearly, more consistently,—in a word, in a form more acceptable to listener and preacher alike? Might not much that has seemed to some irrelevant, much that can but be called ugly, be excised from the Book, so as to leave

a residue that all can accept, that all can read without questioning or pain, that will speak of nothing which is not pure and holy and true. The answer is that the Book as a whole has been put to a test to which no other book has been put, and has stood it. The Book is a whole; the whole of life is in it,—peace and war, grandeur and ugliness. There are uglinesses in the Bible; but it was the same man who stood guilty before Nathan that wrote of the God he worshipped: "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies."

It was a hundred years ago that a few men, meeting together in the greatest of English cities, founded a Society which has since collected £14,000,000 with which to further one single work,—the dissemination among the reading peoples of the greatest Book in the world, the "preaching of the gospel to every creature." Could a wider prospect be opened before any such Society than that which was suggested by the

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speech of the Ambassador of the Anglo-Saxon nation which, next to ourselves, stands first for the propagation of the teaching of the Bible? The American Ambassador was thanked for "having raised in the hearts of the Society a great hope which had perhaps lain dormant too long,—the hope of working together for the peace of the world. A hundred years ago when Napoleon's genius threw a huge shadow on the world, such a thought would not have found utterance. But a hundred years ago the Anglo-Saxon mind had not—what it possesses to-day—the preponderance of the thought of the world. It does possess that preponderance of thought to-day,—owing it, to what? The nations who have stood for the Bible, and who are now leading the world, though in a thousand ways so unworthy and so unrepentant, can read at least without the deep reproach that fell on the "house of Jacob, which are called by the name of Israel," Isaiah's bitter lament, "O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! then had thy peace been as a river."

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The reprints of Herman Melville's sea novels "Typee" and "Omoo" in Mr. John Lane's new pocket library are appropriately edited by Mr. W. Clark Russell, who contributes an introduction to each volume.

Alfred Austin is editing an eighteenth century anthology for the "Red Letter Library," published by the Messrs. Blackie of London, and Mrs. Meynell is editing a seventeenth century anthology for the same series.

Professor A. C. Armstrong's treatise

on "Transitional Eras in Thought" announced by the Macmillans, is an inquiry into the development of western thought and culture with the special purpose of inferring from the study of previous transitional epochs the future which may be expected for our own era of speculation.

Apropos of the preparations which are being made in Salem for the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the birth of Nathaniel Hawthorne, The Academy suggests that it would be a graceful act on the part of English men

of letters if some notice were taken in England of the occasion. It is to be hoped that the suggestion may be acted on.

There are fifteen public and thirty-five private libraries in Japan. Of the books read, the largest percentage is 22.1 for works on science and mathematics; the next 19.8 in volumes of history, biography, travel, etc., and the third 19.5 in literature and language. This compares very favorably with the 75 or 80 per cent of fiction recorded in most American libraries.

Sir Archibald Geikie, whose lifelong acquaintance with almost every part of Scotland has given him familiarity with the social changes which have taken place in the country during the last sixty years, has prepared a volume of Scottish reminiscences which will soon be published at Glasgow and which, it is announced, will include many anecdotes illustrating the humor, manners and customs of different classes.

Mrs. Katherine Tynan Hinkson is developing a literary activity almost equal to that of Mrs. Oliphant in her busiest days. A novel of her authorship has just been published; a second, "Judy's Lovers" will appear in June; in the autumn another novel is promised, and at Christmas time a girls' story, while a new serial, "Julia," is just beginning in "The Gentlewoman." Mrs. Hinkson has also completed three gift books for children.

The letters written by Mrs. George Bancroft, selections from which have been published in Scribner's Magazine, will soon be issued in a volume in London by Smith, Elder & Co. The letters cover the period from 1846 to 1850 when Mrs. Bancroft's distinguished husband was accredited to the English court, and

they will be illustrated by portraits of many celebrities collected from private galleries.

If there is anything in heredity, Miss Hildegard Hawthorne, daughter of one romancer and granddaughter of a greater, should have the imagination and the gifts of description which are among the first essentials to a writer of good fiction. Her slender story, "A Country Interlude," which is told, after a popular fashion, in a series of letters, is too slight to allow of much incident or the study of character; but it is not deficient in imagination, and the country life on the Hudson which furnishes its setting affords an opportunity for graceful description, for bits of nature-study, and dashes of sentiment. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller is not one of those nature writers who allow their imaginations to run away with them, but she is an acute and affectionate observer of the life of the fields and woods, and she writes of it with a charm of manner which enhances the charm of her theme. Her latest volume "With the Birds in Maine" is one of the same high order as her previous volumes, delicate, discriminating and true to the life which she pictures. It may be read with profit by lovers and students of birds, and with pleasure by folk who do not know one bird note from another. The birds of which she writes are not peculiar to Maine, but are to be found all through the New England and Middle States, and the value of the book for reference is increased by a topical table of contents, by the use of the scientific as well as the common names of birds and by a full index. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Joseph Conrad, who has acquired distinction rapidly as a writer of fiction,

is a Pole and a sailor. Born far inland, he became fascinated with the sea and was never contented until he lived upon it. The remarkable force and beauty of his style is the more noteworthy because it is to him only a borrowed language. In appearance Mr. Conrad suggests the seaman. His figure is stalwart and short, and his manner nautical. To a recent interviewer Mr. Conrad remarked with reference to criticism: "Praise and blame to my mind are of singularly small import, yet one cares for the recognition of a certain amplex of purpose." He must be a dull reader who does not find amplex of purpose in Mr. Conrad's books.

Among the volumes of biography and reminiscences which are scheduled in the spring lists of the London publishers are the autobiography of Herbert Spencer, the autobiography of the late Duke of Argyll, and Sir Alfred Lyall's "Life of the Late Lord Dufferin." The late Miss Ormerod's autobiography and correspondence is also promised, together with the "Letters of Lord Acton to Miss Mary Gladstone" which Mr. Herbert Paul has edited. Then there are Mr. Holyoake's new series of reminiscences "Bygones Worth Remembering," Mr. F. J. Snell's "Early Associations of Archbishop Temple," "More Memories New and Old," by Dr. John Kerr, the late Dr. Alexander Bain's autobiography, the "Eighty Years' Reminiscences" of Colonel Anstruther-Thomson, the "Memories" of Miss Gordon-Cumming, and the autobiography of Professor Campbell-Fraser.

Among the spring announcements of the London publishers literature is strongly represented. Two "Lives of Browning" are in preparation, one by Professor Herford and the other by Professor Dowden. Mr. A. C. Ben-

son's study of "Dante Gabriel Rossetti" is on the eve of publication. Besides the "New Letters of Thomas Carlyle," a new edition of Carlyle's "Life and Letters of Oliver Cromwell" is announced in three volumes with the addition of numerous new letters of Cromwell's. A new volume of essays by Maurice Maeterlinck is promised, and a volume by John H. Ingram on "Christopher Marlowe and His Associates," which is said to include many new facts about the poet and his connection with Shakespeare. The collected edition of Mr. Swinburne's poems will fill six volumes, to appear monthly, and it is hoped that the new volume of poems by Mr. Swinburne will be ready in April or May.

Among the spring books to be published by Mr. John Lane is an illustrated volume entitled "A Later Pepys," containing the letters which were written by Sir William Weller Pepys, between 1771 and 1787, to his nephew, Mr. William Franks, Hannah More, and other notabilities of their day. It was Sir William Pepys, Master in Chancery and a prominent member of the Bas Bleu Society, whom Dr. Johnson described as "Prime Minister" to the "Queen of the Blues" (Mrs. Montagu) and he was a great friend both of Hannah More and of Mrs. Thrale. Most of the letters now about to be published were in the possession of Sir Wollaston Franks, keeper of the Department of British and Medieval Antiquities at the British Museum, who died in 1897, and were originally addressed to his grandfather. Extracts are also given from Sir William Pepys's correspondence with Hannah More, Mrs. Chapone, Sir James Macdonald—whose intimate friend he was both at Oxford and at Eton—Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, and others, the whole being edited and arranged by Alice Gaussen.

DAI NIPPON.

1904.

From my land, a *torii* on the waves,
I have charged the rising sun
To bear this word to thy sea-born
braves,

When his long land-course be run:—
"By the shore of all the seas of the
earth,

Alone have we stood, from the hour of
our birth,
And our destinies are one.

"From the *Taira* of old Japan,
In the land where the gods were
young;

From the loins of the Minamoto clan;
From the Hojo lords who flung
To the storm the armada of Kubla
Khan;

From the Tokugawa who ruled the *han*;
From these are my people sprung.

"I, too, am outpost of the deep,
And a sentry to the seas;
And my dead, too, in thousands sleep
Where never stirs the breeze;
And my land, too, like to thine own,
A conqueror's foot has never known,
Nor slept in servile ease.

"Brother, give me thy helping hand,
Brother, stand thou by me.
We are the vanguards of the land,
And the first-born of the free,
I in the East, as thou in the West,
We are twin—we are twin, and our
mother's breast
Is the civilizing sea."

James Bernard Fagan.

The London Times.

AN OLD VIRGIL.

A faded, shabby little book,
Besmeared with many an inky stain,
Down from my silent shelves I took,
And turned the well-worn leaves
again.

Not dearer to the scholar's heart
His tomes of vellum and of gold
Than this which has become a part
And parcel of the days of old.

Around each page, from far-off years,
The glamor of one's boyhood clings,
And wakes once more the sense of
tears,

The sadness at the heart of things.
Through the Fourth Georgie, line by
line,

How wearily the Form would plod!
And how the summer sun would shine
Upon the stillness of the Quad!

We saw not then the soul that lay
Beneath the wistful, tender phrase,
Nor thought how there would come a
day,

When we had gone our different
ways,
When that sweet charm, that magic
touch,

Would pierce the heart with sudden
pain,

And make us long—Ah me! how much!—
To see that Form-room once again.

W. H. Savile.

The Spectator.

THE TUNNEL.

Sitting with strangers in the hurrying
train,

We spoke not to each other. Golden
May

Flooded those warm fields greener
from the rain,

Then sudden darkness stole it all away.

Her face was gone; but on the dark I
framed

Its features, to my fancy's utmost
height,

And with love's utmost fondness, never
named,

Painted the image of my life's delight.

But lo! a gleam the window's edge out-
lined,

And beautifully dawning through the
gloom,

She came back, O how much more than
my mind

Had pictured, triumphing in breath
and bloom!

Then I, ashamed, gave thanks with
joy; I knew

That my best dream was bettered by
the true.

Laurence Binyon.